THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 64. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 724 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1884. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 11.

THOU ART FREE.

BY JAMES HENRY CARLETON.

Farewell!—I deemed thee true,—
I thought thy plighted faith could ne'er be broken,
I chose thee of a few
Who seem'd my friends, most worthy love's pure token:
And my confiding heart
Placed all its truth—its very hope in thee.
But go—thou'rt false—we part—
Thou did'st deceive—forget me—thou art free.

O! that we had not met,—
Or having met, e'er known the hour to sever.
I loved—can I forget?
No: memory clings to love's first hope forever.
But let thy broken vow,
Ne'er bring thy mind one painful thought of me.
No, no: be happy now.
Be happy in remembering, thou art free.

And now we part for aye:
Yet, though bereft of every hope but heaven,
I fervently will pray
That thou may'st be—as I forgive—forgiven
Then go—I thought thee true—
I was deceived—forsaken. Still, to thee,
I send, with this adieu,
My heart's [illegible] wishes. Farewell! thou art free.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "SUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

"IT is not worth while getting so pale over it," Stephen said kindly, glancing at the little pale face. "It is a very small misfortune and easily repaired. Why, Sidney," he added, with a smile, "you look as frightened as if you had seen Milner's ghost!"

If Lloyd Milner had thought his young hostess pale before he was startled now by the strange, almost ghastly pallor which spread over her face.

What was its cause? he wondered. Had she an absurd dread of the supernatural, or——

"Tell us something more about your ghost Mr. Milner," Dolly broke in gaily. "I shall be frightfully jealous if Stephen and Sidney set up a ghost here when we do not possess one at Lambswold. I have always been so sorry not to have a legend or something equally delicious associated with it."

"I am afraid the Easthorpe ghost will turn out something so very prosaic that you will not envy its possessors," said the barrister calmly, eating his breakfast, yet keenly observant of Sidney under his air of indifference.

"Prosaic! How can a ghost be prosaic?" asked Dolly, laughing. "How can soft swift footsteps and mysterious rustlings be prosaic?"

"Perhaps the term is misapplied," the young man answered, with a smile; "for surely there is nothing prosaic in midnight rendezvous given *'au clair de la lune.'*"

He was looking at Dolly as he spoke, but his keen vision took in also Sidney's pale face and drooping figure.

"The plot thickens," Dolly said, laughing and affecting to shudder. "To soft swift footsteps and mysterious rustling robes we have to add midnight and moonlight. Pray go on, Mr. Milner; I am on thorns with curiosity."

"Do you find the position a pleasant one?" he asked, looking over at her with a smile.

"By no means. Release me from it," she pleaded, with a delicious little *moue*.

"Dolly, what a chatterbox you are!" said Stephen, laughing. "Let Lloyd get his breakfast in peace."

"I will as soon as he relieves me from the agony of curiosity which prevents me from enjoying my own breakfast," she answered. "Come, Sidney are you not curious also?"

"Devoured by curiosity," Sidney said, with a little unsteadiness in her low tones and with her eyes downcast. "But," she added in a moment, raising them suddenly and looking over at her guest with a glance of mingled entreaty and defiance, "I think Mr. Milner has drawn as largely upon his imagination as he is capable of doing at one sitting."

"No, on my honor," the young man declared languidly, "I am dealing solely with facts this morning, Mrs. Daunt."

"Are you?" she said coldly. "Then forgive me for being sceptical as to your supernatural visitors."

"You cannot be more sceptical than I am as to their connection with the spirit-world," he replied.

"Mr. Milner," put in Dolly impatiently, "pray be more explicit. I can keep my curiosity within bounds no longer."

There was a short silence.

Stephen was glancing over his letters, and not paying much attention to the conversation between his sister and his old friend.

Sidney, her heart beating to suffocation, was dreading with a terrible dread what Milner might say next.

"It was a beautiful moonlit night," began Mr. Milner gravely, breaking the top off an egg, and speaking with great deliberation.

"Well?" Dolly said impatiently, as he passed. "You begin like the old song—

"'Twas a beautiful night,
And the stars shone bright,
And the moon o'er the waters played.'"

"And, if you like, I will continue in the same manner," he said—

"'When a gay cavalier
To a bower drew near
A lady to serenade.'"

Dolly laughed.

"*La suite à demain*," she said, with a pout. "You are inventing as you go on."

"Not at all, I assure you. I am merely putting into poetical language what you are anxious to hear," he answered very quietly.

"Do you mean that any cavalier was serenading a lady in this bower?"

"I mean just that," he said coolly, looking up suddenly and glancing from Dolly's eager, puzzled, smiling face to Sidney's so pale and startled.

"What fun!" cried Dolly gaily. "How did he serenade? Had he a guitar? Whose window did he look at? I should think it was Lord de la Poer serenading you, Sidney!"

Sidney forced a smile to her pale lips; the suspense and uncertainty were almost more than she could bear.

What had he seen?

What had he heard? What was he going to say next?

She felt ill and giddy in her terror, but struggled desperately against the feeling of faintness which increased every moment and to which she dare not yield.

If she were to swoon now, they would begin to suspect something, and this keen-eyed barrister's suspicions—for he suspected her undoubtedly—would become certainties.

Her long sleepless night had made this more of an effort than her strength was quite equal to; but she gathered up all her courage, and, when she spoke, her voice was languidly sweet as usual, but very low.

"Serenading me! Is that likely, Dolly, when you are here?" she said. "Besides, the Earl plays no instrument, I think. Mr. Milner is the only friend we have able to serenade us."

"The serenading was poetical licence," the young barrister interposed lightly. "My 'gay cavalier' did not serenade. He waited silently for his lady to appear."

"And did she come?"

"Yes, at last," he answered smiling. "She was not very punctual; but he was patient, and his patience was rewarded."

"Did you see her?" Dolly then asked eagerly.

"Oh, yes!" he answered. "Did I not tell you that the moon was shining? But, however charming her silver light may be for legitimate love-rambles," it is not equally desirable for stolen interviews."

"This is becoming interesting," said Miss Daunt, smiling. "Stephen, do you hear?"

Stephen glanced up from his letter abstractedly.

"I hear a great deal of chatter," he answered, smiling. "What is it all about?"

"Do you allow lovers' meetings in your grounds at midnight?" she asked demurely. "Because Mr. Milner was the reluctant witness of one last night."

"What does this madcap mean?" Stephen inquired, turning to his friend. "Is she talking nonsense? Did you see anything unusual in the grounds last night?"

"Something very unusual," was the laughing reply.

Then Milner's tone changed to one of swift alarm.

"Mrs. Daunt, is anything the matter? Are you ill?"

Three pairs of startled inquiring eyes went to the head of the table.

Sidney had risen, and was supporting herself by one hand upon the table and the other on the back of the chair from which she had risen.

She was pale to ghastliness, her eyes were half closed, and she seemed on the point of fainting.

In an instant Stephen was by her side, but with almost equal rapidity she rallied.

"It is nothing—nothing," she declared, forcing a smile. "It is so close this morning that the heat made me feel faint. I am sorry to have startled you, Stephen," she added tremulously, her little fingers closing involuntarily over the strong hand which held hers; "but it is nothing. Indeed I am quite myself now."

She resumed her seat at the table, trying to ignore her husband's anxious eyes, and those other inquiring eyes which were so much more unpleasant to meet and so much more difficult to avoid, and waited tremulously for the conversation to continue; but her sudden illness had been effective in silencing it, and, when her companion spoke again, they had changed the subject.

Breakfast was over at last.

The two young men had left the table, and were glancing over separate sheets of the local newspapers; Dolly, in her dainty seal-brown gown, was looking out of the window with a wistful look in her pretty blue eyes.

In Sidney's troubled brain the thought was how she was to get to Lymouth alone and unseen.

She must be doubly cautious now.

Ah, why had such a cruel fate brought Lloyd Milner to Easthorpe at this juncture?

"Don't you think a drive would do you good, Sidney?" her husband said presently throwing aside the newspaper that he had been reading. "You look very pale this morning."

"My head aches too much to go out," she answered petulantly. "But"—eagerly—"there is no need for Dolly to stay at home. I shall do very well alone."

Dolly made a feeble protest, her blue eyes denying her words.

"I shall be better alone," Sidney said eagerly, repenting of her eagerness the next moment when she discovered Lloyd Milner's eyes fixed upon her over his newspaper.

"But I am afraid Dolly is not to be trusted with your ponies, Sidney," said Stephen, glancing at his sister and smiling.

Sidney looked blank.

She must have the ponies herself, to drive to Lymouth.

"No," she said dubiously; "but Lady Golightly will carry Dolly beautifully, and she would not be long changing her dress."

"Oh, that will be too delightful!" Dolly cried ecstatically. "Don't say 'No,' Stephen. I promise I shall not want to follow. I will come home with the groom as soon as I have seen the meet."

"Of course, if Sidney likes to trust you with Lady Golightly, I am quite willing," the young man answered lightly. "Milner may take the responsibility of your care upon his shoulders, if he likes."

"Will you, Mr. Milner?" Dolly asked demurely. "I won't be a very great nuisance, I promise you."

"I think I can bear the infliction once," was the grave answer, while the pleasant gray eyes frankly showed their delight at the proposal: and Dolly hastened away to put on her habit just as the horses were brought round.

Sidney breathed a sigh of relief; when once they were gone, she would be free for a few hours—and she had plenty of work before her.

On looking into her purse that morning, she had found that her supply of money was very small, amounting to merely a few dollars.

She must therefore go and cash a cheque before going to Lymouth.

This would entail a drive into Ashford, which was the only difficulty—for Stephen's liberality had made his wife a rich woman, able to draw cheques without much fear of overdrawing her banking account.

Of course it would require time, and she had not much between this and twelve o'clock.

She glanced at the timepiece—it was nearly ten.

The meet was at half-past ten; but Cotley was but three miles from Easthorpe.

"You are quite sure you will not be dull?" Dolly said, coming into the room, looking distractingly pretty in her dark blue habit and coquettish riding-hat. "It seems so selfish to leave you, Sidney."

"Not at all," Sidney answered, with almost feverish eagerness. "I shall enjoy being alone. And—and—Dolly, don't hurry back on my account. If—if you think you would like to go to Lambswold, pray do; I shall not be dull."

"You seem awfully anxious to get rid of me," pouted Dolly. "I believe you have some desperate design on hand, Madam Sidney."

Ah, how cruel the hot blood was that it rose so redly in her pale cheeks at Dolly's laughing heedless words!

Sidney glanced nervously at Mr. Milner; but he was settling Dolly's habit, and did not see the hot vivid blush, or Sidney thought he did not, as she watched them ride away, the slender girlish figure between the two red-coated ones, leaving her free to keep her promise to Frank Greville—a promise which was to cost her very dear.

Hardly had the horses disappeared down the avenue than she had rung the bell, ordered her pony-carriage to be brought round with as little delay as possible, and was donning her outdoor attire with nervous little fingers which almost defeated their own haste, uneasily haunted the while by the strangely questioning, meaning look in Lloyd Milner's gray eyes.

What had he seen? What did he suspect?

Sidney would have started on her mission with yet more trepidation if those questions had been truly answered, if she

could have known the result of that morning's ride.

* * * * * *

"I'm awfully sorry I said anything about the nocturnal apparition," Lloyd Milner said confidentially to Dolly, as they rode side by side behind Stephen in a lane which was a short cut to Cotley, and which was too narrow to allow them to ride three abreast.

"Why?" asked the girl, looking up in some surprise from under the brim of her dainty riding-hat.

"I am afraid I alarmed Mrs. Daunt," he answered.

"Oh, dear, no! Sidney is not so absurdly nervous," remarked Dolly confidently, with a smile of superior knowledge. "You do not really mean that you think that made her ill this morning?"

"I fancied so."

"Oh, then you are quite mistaken?" declared Miss Daunt, nodding her wise golden head.

"She does not seem very well, I think," she added, in a minute. "There has been so much visiting and going about lately that she is tired out, I dare say; and the winter always tries Sidney."

"She does not look very strong," remarked Mr. Milner.

"Oh, she is strong enough! She rarely has anything the matter with her. Stephen," she added, raising her voice as she addressed her brother, "that is not the way to Cotley. What are you thinking of?"

Stephen laughed carelessly as he turned his horse's head in another direction, and the color rose slightly in his brown cheek.

He had lost himself in reverie, half bitter and half pleasant, the pleasantness being in the thought of what might have been, the bitterness in the thought of what really was.

If Sidney had loved him, how happy, how nearly approaching perfection, their lives might have been!

But she did not love him, and it was all a failure.

When he married her, he had hoped that by patient endeavour and tenderness and love he would win what love she had kept from the wreck of her first love-affair, he had believed that she was learning to forget Frank Greville; but on his wedding-day this belief had been torn from him, and he possessed instead—or thought he possessed—the certainty that she still believed in, still loved Frank, who he felt was guilty of the hideous crime of which he was accused.

Had he not held such a belief, he would have left no stone unturned to prove the innocence of the man whom Sidney loved, even had that innocence parted her from him—Stephen—for ever.

He loved her well enough, he told himself again and again, to have made her happy at any cost.

But, believing as he did, he had forbidden his wife, out of very pity for her, to make any efforts to prove Frank's innocence.

A close inquiry into the matter would probably only result in overwhelming proofs of his guilt; and it was better, he thought sadly, for Sidney to mourn for her lost lover and his hard fate than to know that he was unworthy either of her love or of her sorrow.

There can be no greater suffering, he knew, than to know the unworthiness of one we love.

This then, was the true reason of the severe and decided prohibition which Sidney accepted so bitterly, and which stood between the husband and wife like an iron wall which neither could break down, and which gave color to the terrible suspicions which were about to be implanted in the young wife's heart and almost to shipwreck her whole life.

"I wonder Mrs. Daunt does not hunt!" remarked Lloyd Milner, when they were riding abreast again.

"This is stiff country, you know," Stephen said carelessly. "Sidney is a very good horsewoman; but I am glad she does not care for hunting."

"Has she ever tried it?"

"Yes, once," Stephen said briefly, recalling the occasion with a keen pang of pain, remembering all that had taken place since then, and how in the dusk of the wintry evening he and Frank Greville had ridden up the street together and seen Sidney's slight girlish form in the window of the firelit room in the Gray House.

"Did she come to grief that she has not repeated the experiment?"

"No."

"Then I am surprised she did not do so. It is becoming so very general for ladies to hunt."

"Yes, more's the pity!" Stephen answered carelessly. "In my opinion, women are out of place in the hunting-field."

"That is an exploded notion, *mon cher*."

"I know that. May I ask if you intend Mrs. Milner to hunt?" Daunt inquired, laughing.

The color rose in the young barrister's cheek.

"Mrs. Milner—if ever there be such a person," he said laughingly—"will not have the chance. She will not be able to afford it."

"Nonsense! We know what big fees Q. C.'s get."

"No doubt. But Q. C.'s are few and far between."

"Here is Cotley," said Dolly, who had been silent for some minutes, and whose cheeks were very pink—possibly from the exercise. "Is it not a charming old house, Mr. Milner?"

"A fine place, decidedly," answered the young man, looking at the rose-hued cheeks with more interest than at the big red-brick house which rose above the trees of the park. "We are in good time, Daunt."

"Yes; the meet is in a field to our right."

No doubt it was the short conversation he had held with Lloyd which brought to Stephen's mind so clearly and vividly that other meet at which Mrs. Rutledge had made her first appearance after her return home, and at which Sidney Arnold had been present, with a knot of violets at her breast and her handsome fiance by her side.

As he rode into the field, he almost expected to see the well-appointed carriage, with its black horses and its beautiful occupant, to meet Frank Greville's mocking glance, to see the unfortunate Squire's angry face, to hear again Sidney's earnest voice—"I do trust you—I do trust you, Stephen"—and to see her pretty drooping figure as she rode away.

The meet was a full one. The weather was so essentially hunting weather that even the most languid sportsman had donned their pink.

There had been a breakfast at Cotley Hall.

Lady Cotley, a handsome middle-aged woman, as straight a rider and as ardent a votary of Nimrod as her lord himself, rode up to Stephen to reproach him for his non-appearance.

"Why did you not bring your beautiful wife?" she said, in her loud cheerful voice. "I believe you are so jealously inclined that you would like to shut her up *a la* Bluebeard, and deprive us of the pleasure of looking at her. Headache! She has a headache, and you left her at home, when the very best remedy in the world would have been a good straight cross-country gallop! Miss Daunt, why do you let him act the *mari jaloux*, and why were you not here earlier?"

"We said we would come to the meet, Lady Cotley," Dolly answered, smiling.

"I told Lord de la Poer that you were coming to breakfast, and he has looked as angry as possible ever since. Ah, here he comes!" added her ladyship gaily, as she turned to greet some other late-comers; and Lord de la Poer came up raising his hat to Dolly and glancing rather suspiciously at the face and figure of her cavalier, who returned the glance frankly enough, and yet with a quick jealous pang at his heart, for the Earl, leaving his title and rent-roll out of the question, looked as if he might be a dangerous rival.

Eighteen months of foreign travel had bronzed the handsome patrician face and given the tall slim figure a greater breadth of shoulder, so that Lord de la Poer was a decidedly handsome man; but his sojourn in foreign lands, which had so improved his appearance, had not entirely obliterated the impression Dolly Daunt had made upon him at the Hunt ball, at which she had made her debut, and when he returned home he was greatly pleased to find that she was still unwon.

It was true Dolly was not quite in that circle from which the Earl should take his bride; but was not her mother an earl's daughter?

Since his return home Lord de la Poer's attentions had been as marked as his languid manner and natural indifference would allow them to be; and since Sidney's return from her wedding-tour, and Dolly had been her guest at Easthorpe, he had haunted her pretty drawing-room persistently, and had become, as Sidney said sometimes, almost as regular as the institution of afternoon-tea itself.

"Good morning, Miss Daunt. Will you let me have the honor of escorting you to-day?" he said, as Dolly gave him a little gloved hand and a pretty smile of greeting.

"Thank you," the girl answered, laughing; "Nichols is going to have that honor to-day."

"Nichols?" queried his lordship, elevating his straight dark brows.

"Yes, Nichols, my brother's groom," explained Dolly, laughing.

"Are you not going to follow?"

"No; I never hunt, you know. Let me introduce Mr. Milner to you," she added rather shyly, "Mr. Milner—Lord de la Poer."

Two stiff bows were made; the Earl's dark eyes glanced at the young lawyer's with an expression which seemed to ask, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" and Lloyd returned the look with perfect calmness and composure.

"Is this your first visit to these parts, Mr.—Mr. Milner?" asked his lordship.

"Oh, no," Milner answered coolly, "not my first by several!"

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before, have I?"

"No; your lordship has generally been absent from home, I think."

"Ah, probably! Mrs. Daunt is not with you this morning, Miss Daunt?" asked the Earl, turning to Dolly again.

"No; Sidney preferred to stay at home."

"Too cruel of her. And you too are going to desert us!"

"I should be far too great a coward to do anything else," said Dolly, smiling. "Even now Lady Golightly is far too frisky for my peace of mind, and too crab-like in her motions. I am afraid I shall not be able to hold her in," she added nervously, glancing appealingly at Lloyd, whose eyes brightened as he leaned forward and put his hand upon her bridle.

"I don't think you need fear," he said, smiling, with a tender protectiveness in his tone and manner which was anything but satisfactory to Lord de la Poer. "She is just a little excited, as we all are this morning; she will calm down again directly."

"Perhaps I had better return," she suggested dubiously.

"Oh, no!" he objected eagerly. "They will not find yet; and you must enjoy this pretty sight."

"Yes, it is very pretty," Dolly said; but, as her white lids were downcast and her golden lashes rested on a very pink cheek, it is doubtful whether she was contemplating the pretty sight just then; but the pretty sight which the young barrister was enjoying was not the meet, with the gay coats and satin-coated horses, but a slender golden-haired girl on a pretty roan mare, who looked just frightened enough to add to her prettiness.

There were several ladies in the field, most of whom "looked like business," as Lord de la Poer said in his languid tenor as he glanced at their short hunting-habits, tightly-braided hair, and business-like appearance.

Most of them too were surrounded by riders chatting and laughing and discussing the probabilities of a good run.

But presently, as the hounds began to work, the horsemen forgot the excitement of their little flirtations for the greater one of the chase, and cantered about or took up positions which they considered most favorable.

Lord de la Poer was still in Dolly's immediate vicinity, looking somewhat sulky and annoyed, and casting occasional looks of sovereign displeasure at the young man whose hand still rested lightly on Dolly's bridal; but Miss Daunt, if she perceived his vexation, did not take the slightest heed of it.

She sat feeling pleasantly excited, and just sufficiently alarmed to make Lloyd Milner's protection delightful, and looking like a rose in June with her sweet rose-hued cheeks and smiling blue eyes.

At last a fox was found at the other end of the cover, and away galloped the field, Lloyd Milner lingering for a moment by Dolly's side, reassuring her with a bright tender smile as he saw the anxious look she cast on him, satisfied himself that Lady Golightly would behave perfectly; and the next minute Dolly and her groom were left sole possessors of the field.

Dolly looked after the swift horses and then with a little sigh turned Lady Golightly's head, and rode quietly homewards, with flushed cheeks and sweet lips which looked as if they held a happy secret.

"Is Mrs. Daunt in the morning-room?" she asked, as she stood for a moment in the pretty oak-panelled hall, her habit caught up over her arm.

"Mrs. Daunt is out, ma'am," was the servant's unexpected reply.

"Out?" she repeated, in surprise. "Walking?"

"No, ma'am. Mrs. Daunt is out driving."

The mystification on the pretty face deepened.

"Driving!" she repeated. "In the pony-carriage?"

"Yes ma'am. Mrs. Daunt went quite alone."

"Without Hart?" asked Dolly quickly, almost incredulous, knowing that Sidney was but a timid charioteer.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How foolish—how imprudent of her!" Dolly thought, as she went slowly up-stairs to change her habit. "Those ponies are so uncertain, and Sidney seemed so unwell this morning. It was worse than foolish?"

Thoughts of Sidney's imprudence occupied her for some few minutes; then pleasanter thoughts came—thoughts of the gray eyes which had looked so tenderly and reassuringly into hers, of the hand which had touched hers so kindly; and Dolly forgot everything else in the absorbing delight of that vision than which there is nothing in life so sweet—love's young dream.

Meanwhile the Cotley hounds were having a fairly good time of it.

After a burst of some fifty minutes, which left some of the field in the rear, the fox got into a dense beech-wood and kept dodging about it for an hour and a half, puzzling the scent repeatedly, keeping the huntsmen winding in and out among the trees, risking their horses' legs in rabbit-holes, and, finally coming out at the other side of the wood, allowed them to sight him for a moment as he disappeared over the crest of some rising ground.

The excitement was intense, and shared equally by dogs, horses, and men.

Lady Cotley, on her large-boned chestnut was well to the fore, Sir John Cotley and Stephen Daunt were leading.

The Hunt had thinned considerably, for some had been thrown out, and one or two of the less enthusiastic had been alarmed at the pace and the stiff ground; but Lloyd Milner was keeping up well with the rest, although his horse was showing signs of distress, while the Earl was riding beside him neck to neck.

Straight before them were two meadows, separated by a thick hedge from a ploughed field, into which the fox darted, the hounds yelling at his heels; but Reynard had cunning as well as speed by which to escape from his pursuers.

He doubled; the hounds dashed on, and for a minute the scent was lost, then found again; and they went on pell-mell over the stiff ground.

Midway across the field many of the rides pulled up, deterred by a leap which awaited them at the end—a high quick-set hedge on a bank between two ditches—a leap which not many could take.

Some turned back, one or two turned to find another way; only three rode at the jump—Sir John Cotley, his wife, and Stephen Daunt.

It was a foolish daring leap, one only justifiable by the intense excitement of the moment.

Lady Cotley's horse took it like a bird; her husband followed, slipped, but regained his footing and scrambled on.

Lloyd Milner, glancing back at the moment, saw the third horse stumble and go headlong into the ditch, throwing his rider over his head.

The next minute the horse was careering madly after the hounds; but Stephen Daunt lay where he had been thrown, stunned and motionless.

CHAPTER X.

HAVING devoted nearly an hour to her pretty innocent dream of girlish love and future happiness, Dolly roused herself, with a little self-reproach at her idleness, and, leaving her room, ran down lightly to the observatories to gather flowers for the reception-rooms, a task she had arrogated to herself when Sidney, who at the Gray House had made it an unfailing duty—it being such a pleasure—had languidly given it up, saying the gardeners might do it.

It was a labor of love to Dolly so she lingered over it, toying with the fragrant blossoms, arranging them with an artistic appreciation of their colors and hues, filling the old china bowls with roses and the slender Venetian specimen-glasses with buds of rare loveliness, until the drawing-room and Sidney's boudoir were fragrant with bloom.

She was still lingering over her pleasant task when a footman came to ask her if luncheon was to be served, or whether they were to wait for Mrs Daunt.

Dolly stared violently to find that the luncheon-hour had chimed some twenty minutes previously, and that Sidney had not yet returned.

"Are you sure Mrs. Daunt has not returned?" she said, in dismay, looking up from her flowers.

"Quite sure, ma'am," replied the man decidedly.

"I will wait half an hour," Dolly said hesitatingly. "Mrs. Daunt did not tell me that she would not be at home for luncheon."

She spoke quietly, hiding her dismay as much as possible, with a vague consciousness that her fears were absurd and ridiculous; and, when the man had left her, she tried to resume her occupation.

But the effort was vain; the fragrant blossoms had lost all charm for her, and she threw them aside and went over to the window, anxiously looking out and listening for the sound of Sidney's carriage-wheels.

The gray misty morning had grown into a dull dreary day.

The mist had become rain—a fine, drizzling, wetting rain, which hung heavily over the trees in the avenue, and made everything look sombre and melancholy. The sky was leaden-hued and scowling, and, early in the day though it was still, the rooms looked dark and gloomy, notwithstanding the cheery firelight.

Whither could Sidney have gone? Dolly wondered anxiously, going to the window for the twentieth time in as many minutes, and peering out anxiously into the misty rain.

She had said so decidedly that she would not go out, that her head ached too much to allow her to drive to Cotley, and now she was out in her pony-carriage, without a servant, in the rain. Oh, surely there was some mistake—she had left a message which they had forgotten to deliver!

Ringing the bell, Dolly desired the servant who answered it to tell Mrs. Daunt's maid to come to her; and, when the coquettish little Frenchwoman appeared, she questioned her closely, but obtained no information likely to lessen her anxiety.

Madame had ordered the pony-carriage immediately after mademoiselle and *ces messieurs* had departed.

She seemed in great haste, and had spoken quite sharply to Hart, who had however brought the carriage round as soon as it was possible.

Madame had refused to allow Hart's attendance, and had gone quite alone, and she—Josephine—had really not dared to remonstrate.

"Madame did not say where she was going?" queried poor Dolly, sorry beyond words that she had questioned the Frenchwoman, who had all her countrywomen's talent and love for intrigue, and whose significant looks were very displeasing to the sensitive young girl.

"Oh, no!" Josephine said, tightening her lips, with an expression which said as plain as any words that, if madame had not wished to keep her destination secret, she would not have gone out unattended.

"I should think she had gone to Lambswold to see my mother," said Dolly, affecting a careless manner. "That will do, Josephine. Tell Mills that he may bring a luncheon."

Dolly made a feint of eating luncheon, and returned to the drawing-room, restless and uneasy, telling herself that her fears were ridiculous and ungrounded, but unable to subdue them nevertheless. It was the first time that Sidney had driven out unattended, and her ponies had been a very recent purchase.

Dolly tried to console herself by thinking that ill-news traveled apace, and that, if anything had happened, she would have known it by now; but the attempt was almost a failure, and finally she took up her position in one of the deep seats of the bay windows, and sat, half shrouded by the heavy Eastern-looking curtains, looking out into the gray misty October day, all her

pleasant thoughts of the morning swallowed up by her anxiety.

How would she face Stephen on his return, she wondered, if she had to tell him that Sidney had met with an accident, had been hurt—killed perhaps? How would he bear it?

Oh, it could not be! Surely, surely she was safe at Lambswold; or perhaps she had taken shelter elsewhere from the rain, and was waiting for it to clear off.

Then suddenly deciding that it was foolish to remain in this agony of suspense when she could so easily relieve it by sending a mounted groom to Lambswold, she sprang off the cushioned window-seat, and was just going to carry her intention into effect, when the sound of a horse's hoof's rapidly approaching struck upon her ear, and she turned back to the window.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Tables Turned.

BY E. W. P.

A LARGE, old-fashioned, quaint gray stone house, with a green, close-clipped lawn, extending down to a very picturesque portion of the Avon.

Seated on the lawn were three young ladies in summer toilets with broad straw hats.

Two were at work; while the darkest, prettiest, though smallest, was reading aloud.

Suddenly, blended with the musical dip of oars, the still, calm air was broken by a strong, clear, manly voice singing:

"When the lads of the village,
Merrily sh l—merrily sh l!"

"It's Tom! It's dear old Tom!" cried the two girls who were dressed alike. "He's rowed up from Chessermill. Come, George, come."

Georgie, their cousin, appeared by no means backward, and the three eagerly hastened down to the river.

Scarcely had they reached the edge than a light skiff, in which sat a handsome young Englisl. Saxon of about five-and-twenty, shot from the shadow of the willows to their very feet.

"Here I am, girls!" he cried, cheerily, shipping his oars, and casting the mooring-rope round a post placed on purpose.

"Yes, here you are, singing as much out of tune as ever," said Georgie, roguishly.

"Now, please don't begin your sparring," laughed Rosie, the youngest sister. "We are so glad you've come, Tom, whether in tune or not. We have something to tell you and something for you to do."

"Really? Prithee, fair sister, expound," he rejoined, walking up the lawn, a sister on either side of him, though his eyes oftenest sought out Georgie.

"But first," asked Lenore, the elder, "how long are you going to stay here?"

"Whitehall has given me a week. My luggage comes by road."

"Capital! Now let us sit down, and we will tell you."

The girls sat in a kind of semicircle; while Tom laid his whole length before them, his elbow on the grass, his cheek on his hand.

"Now," he asked, "what is the matter?"

"Well," said Lenore, who by general acclaim was nominated spokeswoman, "you must know, Tom, that there is a certain room in this house papa has just bought which is said to be haunted."

"Nonsense."

"But it is true. Papa would not let us know when he bought the place, but we soon heard it from the people about here. He, however—as you—says it's all nonsense."

"Being a sensible, practical man," interpolated Tom.

"Ah; still he gives us full leave to test it."

"And are you going to?"

"We wish to, therefore want you to sleep there one night, Tom."

"Want me!"

"Yes; so that you may inform us," remarked Georgie, very gravely, "whether there is a ghost or not."

"Really I feel exceedingly obliged," laughed Tom, "but I don't quite see the joke. I am not anxious for a ghostly acquaintance."

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Georgie, with a glance that sent the blood to her cousin's cheek. "I didn't think you were a coward."

"Coward! Come now, Georgie, that's too bad," he cried.

"Well, I think it cowardly," responded the young lady, pursing her pretty little mouth.

"I don't believe in ghosts any more than uncle does; and I want to sleep there, only he will not let me."

"I should think not," said Tom, with quick approval. "But what kind of ghost is it? What is the story?"

"Why, they say years and years ago the heiress of this large estate, for it was a large estate then, was one night cruelly murdered in that room by her cousin, who, on her death, inherited the property; ever since which period the lady's ghost, attired in white, pays the apartment a visit regularly at twelve o'clock midnight," and as Lenore ended there was a tremor in her voice.

"Bosh!" laughed Tom, contemptuously. "Why, Lenny, you look absolutely pale!"

"They will not even pass the door after dark," remarked Georgie, with a toss of the head.

"But don't you quiz them, Master Tom, for you, also, are too frightened to face it!"

"What cowardice!" with a little shrug. "I declare, if any man loved me, and I found he was a coward, I'd never, never marry him!"

Perhaps it was accident, perhaps it was intentional, but Georgie's dark eyes rested on Tom as she spoke.

"There goes papa!" cried Rosie, at the instant starting up, as a tall, elderly man passed along the terrace in front of the house. "Let us tell him Tom has come."

"Let us all go to him," said Tom.

They rose, and the sisters went on before; but Tom somehow managed to drop a little behind with his cousin.

"So, Georgie," he said, "you wouldn't marry a man who was a coward. I hope you meant that for me, because you might marry me if I were not.

"Oh, dear cos, you know how I love you! "I'd face all the ghosts in Christendom if you would only say you would be my wife!"

"Yet you will not face a probable one, Tom," she laughed.

"I will without demur, if you would only say 'yes.'" Georgie," he whispered, earnestly. "Ghosts shouldn't frighten me!"

"I'd like to have that proved. I am not so certain," she rejoined, saucily, as they came up to the rest.

"Well, Tom," exclaimed Mr. Harrison, "these stupid girls tell me they want you to sleep in the haunted room, for our old house is respectable enough to possess one."

"So I hear, sir, and will willingly test its ghostly character, if you have no objection."

"None in the least, my boy, only I'll make this proviso—I'll have no firearms used.

"Should anything appear, it will not be supernatural—in which I no more believe than that the moon is made of green cheese."

So it was agreed that Tom should sleep there.

"I hope he will see nothing," said the sisters.

"I hope he will," said Georgie, "and prove his courage."

"I shan't sleep a wink to-night," remarked Rosie, as they saw Tom disappear down the long corridor.

"I don't think I shall much," agreed Georgie, very thoughtfully.

The next morning Tom's appearance at the breakfast-table was anxiously expected. When he came, his expression was certainly serious.

"Well," smiled Mr. Harrison, "what did you see Tom? Giles Scroggins' ghost, or anything else?"

"I can't quite say, sir," answered his son. "I certainly thought once I saw something; but I was so dead tired, that my half-dazed brain may have played me a trick. Consequently, would rather say nothing until I've had another night's experience."

"Sleep there again!" ejaculated the girls, Georgie loudest.

"Assuredly!"

Tom's account but half satisfied his feminine hearers.

"I'm sure he has seen something," said Lenore, when they were alone.

"I'm certain of it!" coincided Georgie. "But he is going to show how brave he is. Why can't the silly fellow confess and have done with it?"

Tom had seen something.

About midnight, in the farthest corner of the room he had beheld a shawowy female form, draped in grayish-white, occasionally waving its arms, while faint sighs burst from the lips.

He had felt startled, alarmed. He had tried to think it the moonlight; but glancing at the window, he saw there was none.

So he had said and looked half frightened and half ashamed of being so.

Abruptly, however, remembering Georgie's words, he cared for nothing else; and being partially dressed, leaped up and advanced towards the ghost. For a second there was no alteration.

Then it rapidly melted away—there was a click—and when Tom reached the corner—it was empty!

Can there really be ghosts, he thought, groping his way back to bed. Impossible! Yet—his eyes turned to his pistol-case—that might prove; but no—it wouldn't do!

The second night the same thing occurred—only this time the spectre had sighed and moaned, and wrung its hands as in direst distress, but it did not wait for Tom's advance.

It vanished after a few moments.

"It's curious, to say the least of it," he meditated, striking a light, and sitting on the side of his bed.

Then taking the candle, he carefully examined the apartment.

It was a spacious oak-paneled room, with high casemented windows. Mr. Harrison proposed to turn it into a ballroom, when, he had laughed, the ghosts would have a happy time of it.

But Tom could discover neither ghost nor human.

The door was locked as he had left it; the windows securely fastened.

"It's confoundedly singular!" he repeated, finally throwing himself on the bed.

The next morning he told exactly what had occurred.

Mr. Harrison pooh-pooh'd it; declaring it was Tom's imagination, or that he was joking fun at them; but the girls took it very differently.

"There," cried the sisters, "you see, Georgie, the placed is haunted!"

For a second Georgie appeared defeated: she pouted, glanced at her cup, then exclaimed, with charming consistency:

"I don't and I won't believe there are ghosts! As uncle says, Tom has been deluded!"

"Well, Tom is going to give it another trial," laughed the young fellow.

"Oh, no, don't do that!" exclaimed Georgie, quickly. "We've had enough of it!"

"I don't think so," rejoined Tom, delighted at this involuntary interest. "And if it comes a third time, I'll take it for a sign——"

"Of what?"

"That I have proved my courage," he whispered, "and merited the reward for facing a ghost."

"There are no ghosts," persisted Georgie, blushing.

"Then you do not believe me?"

"I fancy you were deceived."

That night the sisters implored Tom to sleep in his own bedroom; to which Georgie, the bold disbeliever, even added her entreaties.

They fancied that he had been more frightened than he cared to confess, for he had been remarkably quiet and thoughtful all day, had kept aloof from them, and wandered about the house like a ghost himself.

But Tom was firm.

He said he was resolved to believe his eyes and brain had deceived him unless the poor lady-ghost appeared a third time.

"But suppose she may not come again?" suggested Georgie.

"Then I'm resolved to sleep in this room until she does, or put it all down as nervous bosh and optical delusion!"

With that Master Tom strode off to his haunted bed-chamber, while the girls crept along to theirs.

Scarcely had midnight chimed, for somewhere, no doubt, it did chime, though not in Mr. Harrison's house, than in the dark corner of the oak-paneled apartment again appeared the the shadow figure.

That it was a woman's there could be no doubt.

he loose grayish draperies flowed round it, drooping from the waving arms, while a gray mist apparently enveloped the head.

It repeated the same evolutions as on the previous occasion, only its moans and tokens of grief were more earnestly expressed; but after all, this night was destined to be materially different.

As the ghost's time for departure arrived, lo! and behold, there was another ghost!

The last was taller, clothed entirely in white, and standing behind the first, frantically waved its long arms with a hollow, sepulchral moan.

Evidently, however, the smaller spirit hadn't expected this ghostly companion, for, perceiving it, with a ringing shriek it fled towards the bed, crying:

"Oh! Tom, Tom, save me! There is a ghost, and it's here! Save me—save me!"

But no Tom sprang to her rescue. Only the taller ghost pursued, exclaiming, in a very earthly voice, and amid much earthly laughter:

"So, Miss Georgie, I've caught you have I! The tables are nicely turned, upon my life."

"Tom!" gasped Georgie, the smaller spectre, plucking the grey gauze from about her head, "is it you? Oh! what does it mean?"

"Only that I've discovered the ghost," laughed Tom. "The second night I suspected the unsubstantiality of my visitor, and employed the next day in minutely examining my room, which led to the discovery of a secret sliding panel, which conducted into a passage that had another outlet in the corridor near your room. I speedily divined who was my lady-ghost."

"Oh, Tom," she murmured, half angrily, "it's a shame you should so frighten me. I can scarcely stand.

"I really thought you a spectre. Yes—I own it—I wanted to test your courage—and ——".

"I have tested yours, who were so brave."

"Tom, can you forgive me?"

"If you will only reward me for facing the ghost, Georgie."

"Tom," she laughed, "this isn't a time to play Romeo and Juliet—nor the toilets.

"Oh!" she added, hearing steps hastening along the corridor, "do keep my secret, Tom. Do, please!" she added, imploringly, as she fled through the panel.

But the secret did creep out next day—and the laugh—as the tables were turned on Georgie, who, trying to frighten Tom, had been awfully frightened herself.

Georgie angrily declared she would never forgive her cousin.

But it was supposed she did, for the first ball held in the haunted room was in commemoration of their wedding-day.

THERE were a Boston couple, who had been married but a few weeks and had just gone to housekeeping. As the husband stood at the area door one morning, with the market basket in his hand, his bride threw her arms around him and said: "Do you indeed love me so very much, Bradford?" "Bunker Hill Monument may fall," he answered with enthusiasm, "but my love will always stand." "Well, then," she exclaimed, kissing him, "don't forget the beans."

Moral beauty is the basis of all true beauty. This foundation is somewhat covered and veiled in nature; art brings it out, and give it more transparent forms.

Bric-a-Brac.

SHAKSPEARE'S DEATHS.—There are in Shakspeare's plays about ninety deaths taking place either on the stage or immediately behind. The modes of death are various. Cold steel—the dagger or the sword—accounts for about two-thirds of the whole; twelve persons die from old age or decay; seven are beheaded; five die of poisoning; two by strangling; one from a fall; one is drowned, three die by snake bites, and one is thumped to death with a sand bag.

MOSES MENDELSSOHN.—This pretty story is told of the founder of the Mendelssohn family. He was a hunchback, and a young Hamburg maiden rejected his love-suit in consequence. When wishing her adieu, she said, 'Do you really think that marriages are made in heaven, as they say?' "Yes, indeed,' he replied; 'and something especially wonderful happened to me. At the birth of a child proclamation is made in heaven that he or she shall marry such and such a one. When I was born, my future wife was also named; but at the same time it was said, "Alas, she will have a dreadful hump on her back!" "O God," I then said, "a deformed girl will become embittered, whereas she should be beautiful. Give me the hump, and let the maiden be well favored and agreeable."' The sophistry had its reward and they were married.

NOURISHMENT.—The simplest method of taking nourishment by animals is by absorption through the skin. The tapeworm for example, has neither mouth nor stomach but imbibes the digested food of the animal it infests. Many other animals, especially insects, live upon liquid food, but obtain it by suction, through a special orifice or tube. Thus we find a mouth or sucker furnished with teeth for lancing the skin of animals, as in the leech; a bristle-like tube fitted for piercing, as in the mosquito; a sharp sucker armed with barbs, to fix it securely during the act of sucking, as in the louse, and a long, flexible proboscis, as in the butterfly. Bees have a hairy, channelled tongue, and flies have one terminating in a large fleshy knob, with or with little knives at the base for cutting the skin; both lap rather than suck their food.

WHAT A MOUSE DID.—A lady, whilst engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties, encountered a mouse in the flour barrel. Now most ladies, under similar circumstances, would have uttered a few genuine shrieks, and then sought safety in the garret; this one possessed more than the ordinary degree of genuine courge. She summoned the man-servant and told him to get the gun, call her dog, and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she clambered half-way upstairs and commenced to punch the flour barrel with a pole. Presently the mouse made its appearance on the floor. The dog at once went in pursuit. The man fired, and the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted and fell down the stairs; and the man, thinking that she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for murder, disappeared, and he has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

SUCCESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A man who by dint of sheer courage and energy overcame almost insupeasble difficulties, and showed that life, even when it seems almost a curse, may be well worth living, died recently at Arare, in the canton of Geneva. Jean Trottet, the man in question was born in 1831, without hands and without feet. His short arms were pointed; and his legs, such as they were, not being available for progression, he was able to move only by twisting his body from side to side. His case greatly interested the surgeons of the neighborhood, and local Barnums made the parents offers to turn the child's misfortune to account by exhibiting him. But these offers were invariably declined, and when Jean was old enough he was sent to school. In writing he held his pen at the bend of the elbow, and as he grew older he took great interest in husbandry, became an active haymaker, used the reins with dexterity, and was so good a shot that he often carried off the first prize at the village *tirs*. He enjoyed, too, some reputation for sagacity, was consulted by his neigbors on matters of importance, and has left a widow and four children amply provided for.

ADAM'S FOOTPRINT.—Adam's Peak is an object of more than ordinary interest to the traveler, because on its summit there is a gigantic footprint; to account for it there are various legends, and at dawn its elongated shadow, some four score miles long, behaves in the most mysterious manner. It is no wonder that the Cingalese regard the Peak, sometimes hiding its head in the clouds, with superstitious veneration. The mountain rises like a sugar loaf to a height of 7,420 feet above the level of the sea. It is about forty-five miles E. S. E. of Colombo, in the Island of Ceylon, and commands a view of the island and scenery of unexampled magnificence, which the Mohammedans have associated with our first parents, as they account for the footprint on its summit by saying that Adam impressed it there when taking his last look of Eden. The Hindoos say the impression was made by their god Siva; whereas the Buddhists, who have charge of the Peak, say that Buddha left his mark there, impressing his foot on the hard granite summit with as much ease as if it had been made of soft wax. The so-called foot-print is a hollow resembling the form of a human foot, five feet four inches long, and two feet six inches wide. Its margin is set with gems, and the Buddhists have railed it off and erected a wooden canopy over it. A priest is there to receive offerings of both believers and unbelievers.

HOME.

BY E. S.

There is a chord in every heart
  Awaken'd by one word alone,
A word we think of when we part,—
  A little word—we call it "Home."

Home is a spot we ne'er forget,
  Though many years have past away,
Since on that spot we've stood, and yet
  It seems as 'twere but yesterday.

'Twas there our happiest hours were spent;
  There childhood's sweet but fleeting dream,
That dream of innocence, was dreamt—
  The innocence was but a dream!

The innocence we dreamt away,
  'Tis guilt alone that now remains;
Ah! that we could but dream away,
  Like innocence, those guilty stains!

Home is a port, from which to steer
  Our bark we long the world to roam;
We love the false, though glittering sphere,
  Which breathes of all but truth and home!

Home is a place which we may treat
  With cold contempt and withering sneers;
Yet 'tis the place to which our feet
  Will trace their steps in after years.

And when again we view the spot,
  There's not a look, a word, a tone,
Our hearts will then remember not
  Which speaks of youth, and breathes of home!

The sight of home will cause a tear
  To dim the eye; and when we speak,
The voice will falter; as we near
  Our sighted home, the heart will break.

But if our home has ever been
  A "hallow'd spot," then will the heart
Be raptured as we view the scene;
  'Twill faster beat, but never part!

Stronger Than Pride.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "A GOLDEN DAWN," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

"I HAVE not realized it yet," he answered. "I have never had any hope, Lady Lilias——"

"Are you going to call me Lady Lilias," she interrupted, "after all the nice pretty things I have said to you? It seems very formal. When papa is pleased with me, he calls me 'Lily.'"

"He must call you 'Lily' always then," said Vane. "I am trying to realize it; but I cannot.

"I feel dazed and blinded, as though I had been looking at the sun. Oh, Lily, sweet can it be true that you love me?"

"I do love you," she replied.

"Can it be true that you will be my wife?"

"Yes, if you ask me," she answered. "But, Vane, you have not asked me yet."

He drew the beautiful head down upon his breast.

"Will you be my wife, my beloved?" he asked.

The answer contented him.

Half an hour afterwards they were still by the lilies in the moonlight, and he was slowly beginning to understand his position.

"What will Lord Audley say?" he asked.

Lady Lilias laughed.

"He will say that I have chosen wisely and well," she replied. "It is an old promise between us that he should give me full liberty on that point. He liked you very much, and I think he will be delighted."

"What will the world say? Ah, my darling, the world will say you have thrown yourself away!"

"I am content," she replied. "I shall have love and happiness with you. I should have neither away from you."

And in that hour of supreme bliss and triumph he never gave even one thought to the one secret of his life.

Her love had graced him and placed him by her side.

In the warmth of his triumph he forgot that he was keeping any secret from her.

CHAPTER XV.

"TELL it to me all over again; I cannot believe it. I spent the whole night looking at the moon and the stars, trying to find out whether I was dreaming or really happily awake."

Vane was speaking.

Lady Lilias had gone to the conservatory where she went every morning to look at the flowers, and he had followed her.

"It is all quite true, and no dream," she answered. "Why should it not be true? No man could give me more than you have done, the whole treasure of your love and heart; such a gift must honor any woman. You look as though you had not slept."

"I am so happy," he said, "that I feel as if I could never sleep again."

It was strange that at this, the very climax of his life, he forgot, as though it did not exist, the secret of his birth.

His bewilderment of joy was so great that it never occurred to him.

He was bound in all honor to tell Lady Lilias this secret.

But every thought, feeling, and memory was merged in the one grand passion. He remembered nothing except that she loved him.

"Vane," said Lady Lilias, "I have a little sentimental fancy of my own. Will you gratify it?"

"You know that I will," he answered.

"I should always like to think of yesterday as the happiest day of our lives; and I think the happiest time of all is when two people love each other and no one knows their secret.

"Let us keep ours two days longer; then of course you will go to Ulverscroft and see my father.

"The fact of our engagement should not be mentioned here until we have his sanction."

"You are right," he said.

"So that we shall keep our secret for two days longer. I go home then, and you may follow me.

"It will be like having a little fairyland of our own. But," she added laughingly, "if it is to be a secret, you must not look so very fond of me, Vane."

"I cannot help it," he said; "my heart is in my eyes whenever I look at you."

"You must not look at me then," she replied, knowing that he could not help that either.

"We shall have two perfectly happy days," she added. "We will not talk about the past or the future; we will not mention the words 'business' and 'marriage;' we will be lotus-eaters for the time. Do you agree?"

"I expect that I shall always agree with anything you say, my beautiful queen. I do not see how it is to be avoided."

They had one long summer day of uninterrupted happiness, a day they never forgot.

They spent the greater part of it under a grand old cedar, where Lady Lilias affected to be working diligently at some intricate point-lace, and Vane held a book in his hands, of which he never saw one word.

Lord Charnwood alone detected that there was something unusual, and wisely held his peace.

"If it be so," he thought, "it will be a splendid match for him, and one of the most beautiful women in England will marry for love."

Not once during that day did Vane think of the Meadow Farm.

It was brought to his mind by his Grace of Raysfort.

While the ladies were preparing for dinner, the young Duke came to him and asked him, as there was time, to play just one game of billiards with him. Vane consented.

"I cannot think," said his Grace, "what has put you into such high spirits. I wish I could feel the same."

"You would if you had the same cause," laughed Vane.

The Duke played wretchedly, and at last cried out—

"It is no use; I am in a bad way! I am haunted by a dark beautiful face I saw yesterday at the old farm-house.

"I give you my word that at no Court in Europe have I seen a face half so beautiful as hers.

"What are you looking at me in that way for? Your face is as white as the chalk here.

"Surely you were not smitten with her?"

"I do not know what you are talking about," replied Vane.

The Duke looked at him in utter wonder when he heard the tone of his voice.

"What has come over you, Vibart?" he asked. "You look as though you had seen a ghost.

"I tell you I have been in a wretched plight since yesterday. Ah, now I remember!

"You did not go into the house with us. Sensible man! A sudden fancy seized Lady Lilias to have a glass of milk, and we went for it.

"I remember nothing but the girl who brought it, and she made me think of the goddess Diana. I shall go and see her again."

Had little Kate, who prayed Vane so earnestly to leave home and be made a gentleman, grown into such a bonnie winsome girl that this blase young peer should rave about her?

"I shall go again," repeated the Duke. "I call it a shame for a face and figure like that to be buried in an old farm-house."

Vane constrained himself to speak calmly.

"How do you know it is buried?" he asked.

"Because there is no one to appreciate it. Let that girl be dressed in silks and jewels, and there would not be a lady in England to equal her.

"Why is your face so full of pain, Vibart?"

"To hear you talk such nonsense. Leave the girl in peace. You would be both wicked and mean to attempt to see her again. Leave her in peace."

"I do not see, said the Duke moodily, "why I should not please myself. What is the use of being a Duke, and of having a large rent-roll, if I cannot do as I like?"

"The question it 'what' you would like," answered Vane gravely.

"I suppose you will think that I have gone mad. But what I should like at this present moment would be to go to the Meadow Farm—you see I know the name of the place—and look again at the face I am so charmed with.

"That is the style of face I like, one with plenty of life, a fine splendid color, and animation.

"I—I do not see why I should not marry such a girl if I like. What is the use of being a Duke if I may not do as I choose?"

"You must choose to do sensible and right things," replied Vane.

"I think I shall go over to-morrow," said his Grace, "and have another long look at this hidden beauty.

"Yes, I will go to-morrow afternoon. I will give you the game; I cannot play. Her name is Kate, and, strange to say, Kate has always been my favorite name. I shall try——"

But here his Grace stopped, for Lord Charnwood joined them and he could say no more.

He had said enough to make Vane Fraser Vibart one of the most wretched of men.

Suddenly he saw that to marry Lady Lilias without telling her the truth would be to behave meanly and falsely, and to tell her the truth would at once cause their separation.

In marrying the adopted son and heir of Sir Raye Vibart she was not losing caste; but to marry the son of a poor farmer was another thing.

He could not say anything to her yet. She had asked for two days of perfect happiness and one still remained.

He must decide what was the best to be done.

But in the meantime he must not forget Kate.

It was difficult to realise that his pretty little sister had grown into such a beautiful girl.

Vane remembered his mother's prophecy that Kate would be a beauty. He must save her.

A simple country girl like Kate would believe every word that the young Duke said to her—perhaps fall in love with him, and end her life miserably; for Vane did not believe one word that the Duke had said about marriage.

No matter what happened, they must not meet again.

Vane wrote a little note and addressed it to

"Miss Kate Fraser,
"The Meadow Farm,
"Holwood."

The contents were—

"My dearest Sister,—I am staying here in the neighborhood at King's Clyffe. I cannot get over to the farm at present. Give my devoted love to my mother, my father, and Desford. Kate, will you walk over to King's Clyffe to-morrow afternoon? You know the old oak called King Charles' Oak at the end of Clyffe Woods; will you be there by three o'clock? I want to speak to you most particularly. Do not fail, my dearest sister. From your loving brother

"VANE FRASER VIBART."

"She will come," he said to himself, "and I will keep her safe."

That evening all his troubles were driven from his thoughts, for Lady Lilias detained him by her side.

She looked more queenly than ever, with red roses in her hair, and wearing a dress of dead-white silk.

It was a night never to be forgotten for its bright happiness and keen delight.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I AM no better this morning," laughed the Duke of Raysfort, when he met Vane. "I am glad that I decided to go this afternoon."

"At what time will you go?" asked Vane.

"About four, I think," was the answer.

In his heart Vane thanked Heaven that by that hour his sister would be safe with him.

It had seemed such an easy thing to say that he would meet her; but how was it to be done?

That morning, as soon as he came downstairs, a lovely face smiled into his and a musical voice whispered to him, "One more day together!"

He began to wonder how he should get away.

Lady Lilias and Vane spent the morning on the green shaded banks of the river, where the wild-flowers made a carpet and the hedges were filled with bloom.

He remembered it always as the happiest of his life, for that morning she told him how she loved him, what she had thought about him, how she had lamented ever having allowed pride and caste to interfere with her happiness.

He told her what those two years had been to him.

She looked at him with a smile on her charming face.

"I have broken the compact," she said. "We were not to mention the past or the future, but live in the present."

She took up a large oak-leaf, and, shaping it into a little boat, let it float down the stream.

"That is just how we shall commit our destinies to the stream of time, Vane," she said.

Looking at her, so beautiful and so good, he wondered how he had been so fortunate as to win her, and why Heaven had so superabundantly blessed him.

The hour for luncheon at King's Clyffe was two.

And it often happened that during the warm days the ladies remained indoors, either resting or reading.

On that day, when they left the dining-room, Vane whispered to Lady Lilias—

"Take an hour's rest; the sun is very warm. I have to go out to see some one."

She nodded gaily, and went up the broad staircase, where a white marble Flora stood with a basket of crimson flowers at her feet.

Standing by the large window there, to look at the great sprays of jessamine that framed it, she saw Vane cross the lawn and take the path which led to Clyffe Woods.

No suspicion occurred to her.

She thought it probable that he was going to see one of the keepers—in fact, she did not trouble herself as to whom he was going to see.

"I will meet him as he comes back," she said to herself; "he will be pleased. I must make haste; he will not be very long."

She made herself look unwontedly attractive.

She did not ring for her maid, for she did not care that any one should know whither she had gone.

It was to be a surprise for him, and to please him alone.

She put on a most becoming walking-costume, with a charming hat; and the dead-gold hair and beautiful face looked like the heart of a flower.

As she went along she gathered some magnificent passion-flowers; King's Clyffe was famous for them.

She smiled as she thought how pleased he would be, how his face would brighten and his eyes light up when he saw her, and what a rush of loving words would come from his lips.

Ah, how well he loved her! And she? Her heart warmed to him.

They had been made for each other, she believed.

At last she came to the end of the woods; but there was no sign of him.

It was a beautiful spot, with lovely vistas of greenwood glades, and clumps of trees, grand in their age and magnificence. She looked round, but Vane was not to be seen.

She knew that he must be there.

He had not passed her to return, and she could see the paths that led to the highway; but he was on none of them.

Then she saw the great oak called King Charles's Oak, among the boughs of which the king was supposed to have been concealed for a night while the search raged hotly beneath him.

It was an enormous tree, and from one side of it surely there came the sound of voices?

She crossed the path, and then for one moment stood as though she were turned to stone.

The lovely rose bloom left her face, the glad light died out in her eyes, and a quiver of pain compressed her white lips.

"The proudest girl in England," the queen of beauty and fashion, stood there wounded to the heart by what she saw.

A low moan of pain came from her lips, a low moan that died away on the sweet summer air.

Under the spreading boughs of the tree stood her lover, Vane Fraser Vibart, the man she had chosen from the whole world to love and marry, his handsome refined face bent over a girl who was talking most earnestly to him, bent too with an expression of fondest affection upon it.

She saw him kiss the girl's face, hold her hands in his, talk to her most lovingly, and her heart almost stood still.

Then the girl moved, and Lady Lilias saw the same dark beautiful face that had charmed her at the Meadow Farm.

"It is the girl from the farm-house," she murmured.

Then it seemed to Lady Lilias Audley that she had suddenly discovered the whole plot.

She remembered how Vane had refused to enter the farm-house, how strangely he had behaved, and how ill he had looked. She saw it all now.

He loved this beautiful dark-eyed girl!

"And he would marry me for my wealth!" she added to herself. "I have been duped, betrayed, and deceived. I have been insulted—and no Audley is ever insulted twice.

"I will wait for him here and part from him here. Let him keep the village beauty he has won!"

She stood erect in her indignant scorn, too angry just then to feel any pain, too indignant to feel any pity.

With pitiless eyes and a white set face she saw him kiss the girl again.

"Those are the same lips that kissed me yesterday," she said to herself. "Men are traitors!"

She saw them walk hand in hand to the white gate which gave access to the high-road.

There he kissed her again, and he stood until she had vanished from his sight, hidden by the turn of the road.

There was a smile on his face as he returned, and Lady Lilias heard a snatch of some gay love-song.

Both smile and song died away as he saw her standing there, white, silent, and motionless, her face full of indignant scorn and the passion-flowers in her hand.

"Lilias!" he cried.

Then a great fear came over him, and the two stood looking in silence at each other.

She was the first to break it.

He came nearer to her, but she held up her hand to stop him.

"Not one word," she said in a low stifled voice—"not a single word!"

"Lilias!" he cried.

"Hush—silence—not one word! I know all. You will never dupe me nor deceive me again.

"I know who that girl is, and why you

kissed her. How have you dared so to mislead me?"

And Vane, when he heard those words, "I know all," believed at once that she knew that Kate was his sister, that she knew the story of his humble birth, and accused him of deceiving her because he had never told it.

But Lady Lilias had no suspicion of the truth, and believed that he was in love with Kate.

"Lilias, will you listen?" he began.

All the pride and anger of her nature were aroused, and shone in her face as she answered—

"No, I will not listen! I have no wish to hear why you have deceived me; and we part this hour, never in life to meet again. Have you deceived me or not? Speak truthfully."

"I have," he said, his head drooping on his breast. "I have deceived you; but listen, Lilias."

"I will not," she answered, her pale face flashing scorn and defiance. "I forgot much when I promised to marry you, and you have repaid me by deceit. You see these passion-flowers?

"Coming along, I gathered them for you. See how I destroy them! She tore them into shreds and threw them upon the ground.

"In the same way I tear from my heart all traces of love for you. I take back my promises. You have deceived me—go!"

"For Heaven's sake, Lilias, listen! I meant to tell you. I would not have married you without——"

"I refuse to listen to another word," she said. "You add insult to injury. Do you suppose I should have listened to such a story?"

They still misunderstood each other. She was speaking of his supposed love for the girl, and he believed that she was speaking of his having concealed from her the story of his birth.

"I could have forgiven you anything but this," she went on bitterly—"anything rather than deceit. We part now, and I bid you farewell."

"I feared it would be so. Oh, Lilias, can you not see why I dared not tell you? I feared you would send me away."

"I can only think you mad," she said scornfully. "One hour ago I thought you a gentleman, a man of honor—truthful—noble. Now I know you to be a traitor—go!"

"You will not hear me, Lilias?"

"I will not. A few false specious words from you cannot make me forget what I have seen—what I know. Henceforth we are strangers."

"A condemned man is allowed to speak," he pleaded.

"A condemned man is not always a traitor. If you had, in the heat of anger, tried to slay me, I would have forgiven it. Cold-blooded wilful deceit I can never pardon."

He raised his miserable face to hers.

"I see. Of course you could never pardon it. I was mad. I have been in Paradise; now I go to utter darkness and despair. You are right; it was presumptuous madness."

She seemed surprised at his words, not quite understanding them.

"Do not hate me if ever you think of me," he entreated in a low broken voice. "Remember only that I shall love you with my dying breath."

"Good-bye," she said proudly, as she turned away, leaving him there alone.

She did not see that he went to the spot where she had stood, and, kneeling, kissed the long grass that her feet had touched. It was all over, he thought.

The darkness and chill of death and desolation had fallen over him, and the light of heaven shone over him no more.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was all over, Vane thought, all ended, and life with it. He could not return.

He had been so unutterably happy, so blessed, his life enriched with the very crown of all gifts; and now——

"I cannot face it again!" he cried. "I could not bear it. I wish to Heaven that I had never left home!"

His aching heart turned to home.

The love there never faltered, never altered.

He might be ill or well, rich or poor, contented or miserable; it did not matter at home.

At home his old father, his kind, comely, loving mother, and his beautiful sister were always the same.

There was the centre of love, there was true comfort, true consolation.

Ah, if he could but reach home and die there!

He could never return to the life he had lost.

Everything had ceased for him. He could work no more.

He could never again take any interest in his profession.

He did not care if he never rose from the ground again—and yet he longed for comfort at home.

He raised his face, all wet with tears, to the bright blue sky.

It was the second time that for her sake he had gone through such an agony; but from this—the second one—he should never rise.

He had been mad to think that one so beautiful, so proud, so peerless would be willing to overlook his inferiority of birth.

"My life has been all a mistake," he said to himself. "I ought never to have given up home.

"If I had to begin life again, and I was offered a kingdom, I would not leave home!"

Long hours passed before he left the spot where heart and love had been crushed within him.

He had made up his mind to give all up and return home.

He cared no longer about being Sir Raye's heir.

He hated the great world; he was weary of its honors, weary of life, weary of everything.

He would go home—at least they loved him there.

He had fought so long that strength and ambition seemed dead within him; he could fight no more.

When he had been at home for some days he would write and tell Sir Raye; and the future could drift as it would.

Of what use was it to wear his soul away, to fret and fume, to do battle and fight? All that life could hold for him was dead.

He stretched out his arms with a woeful cry.

Ah, beautiful proud face—ah, scornful sweet lips!

The memory of them would never die—it would be like the sting of a snake to him for all time.

He would go home.

There would be comfort for him in the old chimney-corner.

He must go back to King's Clyffe, he must say good-bye to Lord and Lady Charnwood—there was no need to tell them that he had been beaten in the race of life.

Then he would go straight home.

When he tried to walk, his limbs failed him—they had no strength.

He was like a man who had drunk too much wine.

He had to nerve himself and make a desperate effort.

He reached King's Clyffe at last, praying Heaven that he might not see the woman who had rejected him with such cruel scorn.

She need not have been so cruel to him, he thought, although she was an Earl's daughter and he nothing but a poor farmer's son.

There was no sign of Lady Lilias.

Vane went to his room, packed his portmanteau, and then asked to see Lord Charnwood.

He told him that particular business compelled him to leave King's Clyffe that very day.

He thanked him warmly for his kindness.

He said everthing that was courteous and kind to Lady Charnwood, bade good-bye to Lady Fayne, and left messages for the rest of the guests.

Before going away he wrote a letter to Lady Lilias.

He might never see her again; but she should read the truth if she would not listen to it.

"You would not listen to me, Lady Lilias," his letter began—"you would not hear one word; but you have sent me from you. You have killed all that was bright and hopeful in me; you have made my life bare and desolate.

"Read what I have to say. I never intended to deceive you. I had but just realised the fact that I must tell you all; and I had a faint hope that, even when you knew it, you would love me still. Ah me, how futile and vain that hope was!

"Perhaps you have done wisely. From your high estate it is far to stoop to one so lowly as myself. You shall know all the truth, you cannot despise me more.

"You told me you knew all, then you know that the Meadow Farm is my home, the spot where I was born, the home I now grieve ever to have left.

"The father whom you saw there at work is my father; the kindly comely woman who welcomed you is my mother; the bonnie winsome girl who was with me under the oak is my sister.

"All false pride, all false shame dies from me as I write the words. I am proud of them, proud of their simple ways and loyal hearts. They would not have spurned me with proud biting words.

"When I was a child, I had a talent for drawing and inventing. Sir Raye Vibart when ill and broken in health, was told to try the benefit of country air.

"He came to stay for a few weeks at our house; he was kind enough to think me a genius, and offered to adopt me, to bring me up as his son and heir.

"But he made this one condition. I was to give up home, take his name, and those at home must give up all claim to me. They did not like it, the simple loyal hearts who thought so much of home-love.

"But for my sake they did it—because Sir Raye told them I was a genius, and he would make me famous.

"Ah, Heaven, what has fame brought to me except a broken heart?

"I left home; but through all those years the home-love never died. I sent them all that I could give—money, presents, letters, every token of love.

"Yet, as the years rolled on, to my sorrow and my shame I thought less of them. Their ways were not my ways. I hate myself for saying it; but their manners and fashions jarred on me; and gradually I grew inclined to keep the secret of my lowly birth hidden from every one—above all from you.

"I hate myself for it now. I see all the meanness, all the baseness of it. I throw aside all false colors; I cast off my borrowed name.

"I take my stand on the threshold of my home, and those who do homage to me shall bow to me there. I will glory in the simple loyal love of home; and those who scorn me because I am the son of a poor farmer will honor me in passing me by.

"My lost dear love, I can say no more. I have seen great oaks, struck by lightning, lying like dead giants on the ground. The lightning has struck at the very root of my life, and I die like the oak.

"Some day you may learn that a poor man may, by education, cultivation and refinement, become a gentleman.

"I have faith in Heaven; and, though I have lost you for ever in this life, I shall hope, believe, and pray that in another I may be with you for eternity.

"Until eternity, my lost love farewell. You have most cruelly punished me for being

"MY FATHER'S SON."

"Now there will never be a word between us again," said Vane, as he folded and sealed the letter.

He gave it to Lord Charnwood's valet and requested him to give it to Lady Lilias Audley at once.

When she went to dress for dinner, she found it on her toilet-table.

She read it carefully, and then the mistake she had made flashed across her mind.

It had been no case of fraud, deception, love, or jealousy.

The girl was his sister, and she had mistaken all.

Lord Charnwood was the only one who suspected that anything was amiss with them.

"I am sure they are lovers," he said; "and they have had a lovers' quarrel, too."

His suspicions were verified when he heard that Lady Lilias would leave King's Clyffe on the morrow for Ulverscroft.

He was a wise man, knowing the value of silence, and he said nothing.

Vane was driven to the station, and, when he reached it, he dismissed the servants with handsome fees.

He left his luggage in the booking-office, knowing that he could send for it at any time.

Then he began the long walk home.

What his parents would say to him he did not stop to think.

They would welcome him he knew; his heart ached sorely, and they would comfort him; he was world-worn and weary, and they would give him rest.

His proud, beautiful love should torture him no more.

She had taken his heart in her hands, and had crushed it as she had crushed the wild-flowers.

The sun was setting, and it seemed to him that the clouds were of the color of blood.

Suddenly the old familiar music of the mill-stream came to him.

He saw the lime-trees, the river, the pretty farm-house, and the honeysuckle round the windows.

His thoughts began to grow confused, for he was faint from want of food.

Only one thing was clear to him.

There was one ray of light in all this darkness.

He was going home, so that he could take care of his winsome sister Kate.

If the Duke of Raysfort ever came there again, he would meet him on the threshold.

He was free now and could speak his mind.

His senses were certainly confused.

The rush of the mill-stream and the rustle of the green leaves grew louder.

Standing on the threshold of his home, he fancied he saw the proud beautiful lady he loved, with the sunlight on her dead-gold hair and a sword in her white hand.

It was his mother standing under the honeysuckle, looking wonderingly and anxiously at him.

"Mother," he said gently to her, "I am worn and weary. I have come home to rest."

The next moment he was lying senseless, with his head on his mother's breast.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HE awoke in a small room, the window of which was covered with trailing honeysuckle, and within which everything was as white as the driven snow.

Before he was quite awake, while the dew lay on the honeysuckle, these words passed through his mind again and again—

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er found elsewhere."

He had learned his lesson.

He had tried his wings, had broken them in his flight, and he had come back to the nest.

He had tried the world, and, bruised, battered, and beaten, he had come home to rest.

"Home, sweet home," he repeated to himself; "there is no place like home."

His mother had held him in her arms and grieved with bitter words that she had ever let him go from her.

The old farmer had clasped his hand and said—

"Heaven bless the bonnie lad! I am best pleased to see him home again."

And Kate could do nothing but look at him and admire him.

* * * * *

Vane had not been home twenty-four hours.

He had gone to the mill-stream, his favorite spot.

There he could collect his thoughts and decide what was best to be done with the remainder of his blighted, marred, and ruined life.

He could not leave home again.

This one little circle of simple loyal hearts loved him as no others could.

He sat down where the sound of the water was pleasantest, and, as of old, lost himself in dreams.

It was Kate who roused him.

She came to him hastily, with bright eyes and a flushed face.

"Vane," she said, "you are wanted."

"Who can want me, Kate? No one knows that I am here."

"Yes; some one does. You must come, Vane. I promised not to tell who it was. It is some one who kissed me, so they must love you. Come, Vane."

"Who is it? Ah, Kate, do not jest with me just now!"

"I am not jesting. Come."

He rose and went with her.

She led the way to the pretty little parlor where, long before, Sir Raye Vibart had spent so many lonely hours.

"You must go in alone," she said to him. "I have an idea that I am not wanted."

He went in.

He had no idea as to whom he should see—and there before him stood Lady Lilias.

He saw the graceful elegantly-dressed figure, he saw the beautiful face pale with agitation, the trembling lips, the pleading eyes.

Then a mist came before his own, and his great passionate love stirred in his heart, and shook his whole frame.

She was speaking to him—she who had rejected him with such scorn, who had sent him from her with such imperious words—speaking to him, with her hands folded, and her lips pleading.

"Vane," she said, "I have read your letter. There is a mistake. You have misunderstood me."

"You spoke plainly enough Lady Lilias," he rejoined.

"We were both mistaken. I said I knew all. I did not know that this was your home, and Kate your sister—I swear to you I did not."

"What did you think?" he asked.

"I am ashamed to tell you, Vane. When I saw you kiss Kate, I thought you loved her. When I said I knew all, I meant simply all your love for her. I was jealous, Vane. Now I understand. We were both mistaken. Why did you not trust me? Why did you not tell me all this before?"

"Because I felt certain that the moment you knew it you would send me away from you."

"You might have tried me," she said gently.

"I should have told you Lady Lilias, but I was so intoxicated with my own happiness that I could think of nothing else."

"I have come to say something to you, Vane," she said in a whisper. "I am sorry I was so cross; but I was jealous; and when people are jealous they say much more than they mean. Do they not?"

"Yes, very often, Lady Lilias," he answered.

"I said more than I meant, Vane," she said.

"Thank you for taking the sharpest sting from your words," he said. "You do not now believe I am a traitor?"

"I do not. When I called you a traitor it was because I thought you had another love, not because you had kept this knowledge from me."

"I thank you," he said with simple noble grace.

"Vane, I have more to say to you yet," she went on, with a shy sweet smile. "I am very sorry that I was so cross. Will you forgive me for it?"

His face flushed hotly.

She could move him so entirely at her will.

"I must forgive you. I cannot help it if you ask me," he said.

"Vane," she whispered, coming nearer to him, "I like farming. I—oh, can you not guess what I want to say to you? Forgive all my cruel words, forget them, and try to like me as much as you did before I said them.

"Vane, my darling, it—this that you think so dreadful—makes no difference to me. I did not choose you for your high birth; I will not lose you because it is lowly.

"Vane, knowing all that you have told me, I love you even better than I did before. I have come to tell you so.

"You are one of Nature's gentlemen. That is a better patent than nobility or title. Love me as much as you did before; and I—oh, Vane, I will honor your father and mother—I will love them—I will love Kate—your home shall be my home, your people my people! Take me to your heart again, and forgive my pride, my wilful, wayward, wicked pride!"

The next moment her beautiful face was hidden on his breast.

He never knew what he said to her in the fervor of his love.

Lady Lilias never did anything by halves.

She embraced Vane's mother, shook the old farmer's hand, and kissed Katie's rose-bloom face.

"I shall not take your son altogether from you," she said; "but I will be a daughter to you."

Vane took Lady Lilias to Ulverscroft that same day; and Lord Audley gave a wondering consent to their marriage.

"I do not quite understand it, Lily," he said. "I thought you were the proudest girl in England; and yet you are about to marry a farmer's son."

"You see, papa, I love him; and love is stronger than pride," she answered.

* * * * * * *

Vane and Lady Lilias were married; and

Sir Rayo Vibart was more than delighted. Vane had learned his lesson.

There should be no more false colors for him; he gave up the name of Vibart, and was thenceforth known by his own.

And, if people wondered at first why Lady Lilias had married beneath her, they ceased to wonder when they found that the husband she had chosen was both a genius and a gentleman.

When the Duke of Raysfort's marriage was announced the papers said simply that he had married "Catherine, only daughter of Stephen Fraser, Esquire."

And the great world was puzzled as to the branch of the Frasers to which she belonged.

The Duchess of Raysfort was one of the leading beauties of the day; and her husband always said that the most fortunate hour of his life was the one when he first saw the Meadow Farm.

When Lady Lilias wishes to tease her husband, she tells him that he may have built a bridge over one of the most difficult rivers, but that she has built a bridge of love which reaches from one world to another.

[THE END]

VAL'S GOVERNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SAILOR BOYS." "A FALSE FRIEND," "AS ROSES FADE." ABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

I DON'T know whether Val is there," said Nellie, hoping by this means to rid herself of Teddie's attentions; "but he will be in the drawing-room after dinner."

At this moment a door opened down the passage, and Val's head was thrust out.

"Oh, it's all right; the little fellow is there!" said Teddie.

Nellie walked on into the study, with a feeling of having been worsted.

"I wonder if he did see me peeping at the window," she thought, "and my graceful way of coming downstairs, and the kind of mat I landed on?"

Val was charmed to see his cousin, and begged him stay to tea with them.

"It's so nice and cosy here, you know, Ted; you always like my study, don't you?"

"It is no end of a nice place, Val," said Teddie, casting a guilty look at Miss O'Ferra standing quietly by the fire.

Mr. Galbraith tried various topics, in none of which would Miss O'Ferra interest herself—not even the weather, though he made it wildly interesting by throwing in a snowed-up train and a dozen deaths from exposure.

She made the tea, cut bread-and-butter and cake, and then came back and took her old stand by the fire.

"Won't you sit down?" said Teddie, pulling up a chair for her.

"Thank you, no; we are going to have tea in a few minutes."

"Do you like this place?"

"Very much."

"So do I, and particularly this room," agreed Teddie, whilst his eyes sparkled with satisfaction.

"I thought you did not know where the study was?" said Nellie, slightly raising her eyebrows.

"But I discovered it, you see, and now humbly hope you will let me come in sometimes—to see Val," he added, after a moment's pause.

"You can always come if you like!" said the child.

"We have more fun here than Flora and her lot have," he added, with lofty contempt.

"There is the dressing-bell," remarked Nellie, "and we must have tea, Val. And, Mr. Galbraith," she said, looking calmly at him, with her pretty chin slightly elevated and a smile on her lips, "Lady Hildyard does not like us to be disturbed in here; in fact, she wishes us to have this room quite to ourselves."

What is a man to say when he is distinctly told by a pretty girl not to do a thing that on the next opportunity he means to do?

Teddie retired to his dressing-room, feeling decidedly snubbed, and spent most of the time which should have been devoted to the adorning of his never-to-be-sufficiently-admired person in ruminating on the little governess's behavior, so novel, coming from a girl to him.

And the dinner-bell sounded through the house while he still puzzled over it.

"Why, in Heaven's name, does she sit on me in this manner? Girls don't as a rule.

"'Pon my soul, if she persists in this sort of thing, I shall be making downright love to her!" he muttered, giving a savage wrench to an unmanageable cravat.

Nellie and Val merrily chatted over their tea, and not a little news did she learn from her precocious pupil, who was never tired of singing the praises of his cousin Teddie.

"How the child does harp on Teddie," she mused; "he positively worships him! The man must be nice, for Val is very discriminating in his affections.

"It would never do, though, to let him come in here at all hours of the day. Mr. Galbraith is not going to flirt with me in his lazy way, that is certain.

"I think he must have seen that. Give him an inch, and he will take several ells.

"It seems clear too, from what I gather, that Flora deems this Adonis her especial property.

"Ah, if things had been different, I might have met these people on terms of equality!

"And then"—and she turned to the oval mirror hung opposite, and regarded the reflection of her lovely self with a criticising eye—"and then—then——"

She looked away with a sigh.

* * * * *

When the three ladies entered the drawing-room after dinner, Miss Hildyard threw herself into the most luxurious chair, and in the most becoming light, and closed her eyes as one resigned to an idevitable mauvais quart d' heure.

Lady Hildyard introduced Nellie as "My little boy's governess, Miss O'Ferra."

Mrs. Dick was a pretty woman, rather over-dressed, and with a little bird-like way of cocking her head first on one side and then on the other when she spoke.

She looked at Nellie like an inquisitive cock-robin, and said, smiling—

"You must be very fond of your dear little pupil, Miss O'Ferra. I think him a perfect darling."

"When he is a good boy, Mrs. Brooke," laughed Nellie, shaking her head at her promising pupil's puckered visage.

Mr. Seymour-Brooke was a tall thin man, with dark eyes and moustache, and a very pleasant face.

But, as he bent over the object of his affections, Nellie came to the conclusion that he was, as Teddie had said, "very much married."

Captain Raymond Fane was of medium height, very dark, and would have been handsome, but for his eyes, which were too close together, and the supercilious expression on his face.

Mr. Galbraith was the next to come in for inspection.

He looked, in his evening-dress, like the well-fed, well-dressed, good-looking Englishman that he was.

"His moustache is certainly a deep dark-red; but I rather like the color, and his hair and eyebrows are dark enough," she cogitated.

"Ah, there are Sir Wilton and the young man I nearly knocked down! Now they are coming this way;" and Nellie prepared to receive them.

"Nellie, my dear," exclaimed Sir Wilton, "Mr. Munteith has been asking to be introduced to you. Mr. Munteith—Miss O'Ferra."

Nellie bowed gravely, though she could hardly refrain from laughing as she caught Flora's eyes fixed stonily on them, and saw Teddie almost imperceptibly halt, and then retire, tugging his much-abused moustache to Miss Hildyard, who received him with an amiable smile.

Colin Munteith was a very pleasant, talkative, good-looking fellow, with a fair well-cut face, and eyes of real Scotch blue. He and Nellie enjoyed themselves very much for the next half hour, as he knew Dublin well, and many parts of Ireland with which she too was familiar.

Sir Wilton did not assist the conversation much, as he drew up a chair close to them and went off into a gentle sleep.

"We shall have no hunting while this frost lasts," said young Munteith, looking into Nellie's face as he spoke. "Do you hunt?"

"Not here; I used to do at home, with my father—he had the hounds for a great many years.

"I was so very fond of them—we always had one or two of the young dogs about."

"This is a very good hunting country. You ought to have a day."

"I am here to take care of Val," said Nellie, laughing.

"Governesses don't hunt, as a rule;" then seeing her companion flush slightly, she repented her speech.

"It is my horrid pride," she thought ruefully, "making me always thrust my position in everybody's teeth; how nasty I am!"

Then aloud she added—

"But Sir Wilton has promised to take Val and me to the next meet, and then William is to pilot us along the lanes to have a good view of the run. I wish the frost would break!"

"Sir Wilton is master of the fox-hounds here, I believe?" said the young man, who was perfectly aware of the fact.

"Yes," replied Nellie, an eager look in her eyes, as she raised them to his, that made Colin think he had never seen anything prettier in his life; "and it seems almost like home when Val and I go round the kennels with him."

"Yes?"—and there was a pause of a few minutes' duration.

"I think, Val," said Nellie, as the child yawned for the third time, "you and I will say good night now. Go and kiss mamma, dear."

Val went like a little lamb, and suffered himself to be embraced, not only by her ladyship, but also by Mrs. Seymour-Brooke.

"Good night, Mr. Munteith," said Nellie, as she prepared to depart.

"You are not going yet? Why, it is quite early!" Colin expostulated.

"It is long past Val's bed-time," replied Nellie, going towards the door, which Mr. Munteith held open for her as if she had been a princess.

"Good night, Val," said Mr. Galbraith, as they passed the sofa, where he sat, in what looked very like sulky silence, by the side of Flora, allowing Captain Fane with his lisp to have it all his own way with that young lady.

Val nodded sleepily, and Teddie added—

"Good night, Miss O'Ferra;" and then followed them out into the hall, apparently to say—

"You never showed me any pictures to-night, old fellow; you must not let Miss O'Ferra cut me out altogether, you know."

"Come to my study to-morrow," said Val cheeringly. "Nellie and I will show you lots."

"I am forbidden," said his cousin, looking at Nellie; but she only smiled, and seemed to be in a hurry; so Mr. Galbraith had to content himself with watching her upstairs, and then returned to the drawing-room.

Near the door Colin Munteith stopped him, and said in a low tone—

"I say, Galbraith, who is the little beauty—not really the boy's governess—eh?"

"Yes," replied Teddie shortly, not wishing to continue the conversation on that subject."

"But what a crying shame! With those eyes and that figure, she ought to be a queen of society—she could be too!"

"Now, my dear fellow," said Mr. Galbraith ironically, "don't become excited, in Heaven's name!

"Society's throne at the best is but a rickety one; and I don't suppose Miss O'Ferra would thank you for wishing to exalt her thereunto.

"She is in all probability quite content with the position to which it hath pleased Fate to call her.

"Come into the smoke-room and have a cigar. Whatever you do, if you value a peaceful existence, avoid such a Quixotic proceeding as tilting at society."

And so the matter dropped, as Teddie intended it should.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR the next few days Nellie kept as much as possible in the study. She had not been in the drawing-room since the arrival of the Seymour-Brookes; for Val had a slight cold and had been sent to bed early.

The pair had not been able to take their usual rambles along the winding lanes, or as more often occurred, over the Crown.

Nellie had thoroughly explored the old ruined towers.

She had climbed, at peril of life and limb to their crumbling summit, and enjoyed the splendid view that exalted position commanded, and had played divers games there with Val, which would have made some of the ancient Hildyards open their eyes, could they have returned to life.

The Chase had now its full complement of Christmas guests, and the fair Flora was in her element.

She was the handsomest woman in the house, except—and this was the thorn in her side—except Miss O'Ferra.

Against Nellie's perfect beauty Flora knew she had no chance.

All her charms paled before the more exquite coloring and high-bred grace of the girl whom she could not call her rival; for Nellie never attempted rivalry, and had absolutely to be dragged from her retirement.

Indeed one of her chief charms was her complete unconsciousness of the universal admiration her fair face excited.

Flora was a past mistress of the art of pose and effect; all Nellie's graceful attitudes were natural and unstudied.

Miss Hildyard was glad therefore when the little governess remained in the study, and left to her what she considered her rightful field, the drawing-room.

Not so Mr. Galbraith.

He took to smoking in the hall, lounging against that particular corner of the great fire-place which commanded a view down the passage leading to Val's study, while his cousin often declared that he was "grumpy."

Colin Munteith openly lamented Miss O'Ferra's absence, and some of the new arrivals became rather curious on the subject.

Captain Fane enlightened them.

"An uncommonly pretty little girl, by Jove! Come to teach the young on his 'A B C.'"

Val also enlightened them one day shortly before Christmas.

Most of the young people were going out riding.

And, while the ladies were donning their habits and making themselves generally beautiful, the gentlemen, who, in consequence of a blank day, were prevented—poor things!—from "hunting ye fox," and therefore reduced to attending the fair, waited about the hall fire.

Sir Wilton was standing among them; but he was not going with their party, as later on he intended taking Nellie and Val for a ride to a distant farm, and had signified the same in the study before breakfast.

The study door was now opened and some one emerged.

Teddie, who knew the creak of that door by heart, looked up.

But only Val advanced, his little forehead puckered into a frown, an angry flush on his face, and his lips pursed up portentously.

"Should like to know what you think of this, papa?" he said, with a gesture of disgust, standing on the rug and spreading his small hands to the blaze.

"Of what, young man?" asked Teddie, rightly conjecturing that "this" had some reference to Nellie.

"Papa, aren't Nellie and I going with you? Didn't you say so?"

"Yes, yes, of course," said Sir Wilton, in his tautological style.

"Then what is Nellie to ride?" cried Val.

"Why, Kingfisher, of course, my boy; she always does," returned his father, looking puzzled.

"Well, this is a pretty thing—that nasty mean Flora has ordered him for one of her nice friends; and she told mamma that governesses weren't going to ride papa's horses when she wanted them.

"I heard her. And she's a nasty thing; and she hates my Nellie because she is nicer than she is."

The men were all more or less smiling; but Sir Wilton—poor man!—reddened and looked positively uncomfortable, for he could not side with Flora, who had upset his plan for a nice quiet ride with his favorites, and he dared not side with Val; so he stood still, looking the picture of perplexed indecision.

"You must not say such things of your sister, my dear," he muttered. "I perhaps forgot to mention to Thomas that we should want Kingfisher.

"Yes, yes, that's it; it is my fault, Val, my child. I must have forgotten—I must have forgotten."

"Oh, papa! Mr. Munteith and I were with you, and Thomas says he knew; but Flora told him it didn't matter."

Sir Wilton hurried off to the other end of the hall, and appeared to be diligently looking for something there, while Teddie took the opportunity of drawing Val to the door and hearing the whole tale.

They were followed by Mr. Munteith, who seemed to listen with much sympathy.

"It's a beastly shame!" muttered Teddie from under his heavy moustache to Colin, as Val retired to harass his father. "But why on earth doesn't the old governor hold the reins tighter?"

"Not so easy, I should think, with girls," replied Munteith, adding, with a sudden inspiration—

"That young bay mare of mine will carry a lady beautifully. I'll go and suggest it to Sir Wilton."

And he vanished after his host, just as the ladies came downstairs.

Flora and her especial friend, Miss Fitzhall—a plain young lady, for Flora's chums were never anything else—Mrs. Brooke, and four or five others, all either young or made up in that character, went on to the drive, where the horses were waiting. The devoted Dick flew to mount his dearly beloved.

Teddie put his cousin up silently. When all the party were mounted, Mr. Munteith was found to be absent.

"It is far too cold to wait," said Mrs. Brooke, when a groom had been despatched in quest of the tardy Colin; "I propose we start."

The proposition met with general assent; but, before it could be put into practice, the groom returned with the message—

"Mr. Munteith is going with Sir Wilton."

Flora smiled slightly at her cousin's dejection and annoyance as he watched Kingfisher's rider, Miss Fitzhall, with no friendly eye.

"We let Miss O'Ferra ride him when we are alone," she said, following the direction of Teddie's eyes; "but, of course, when we have friends here, I want him."

"Sir Wilton ordered him this morning. What on earth made you countermand your father's order?" inquired Teddie crossly.

Cousins, especially if they have known each other well from their childhood, are not always polite in private.

Indeed they often tell each other the disagreeable truth.

It did not improve Teddie's temper to know that Mr. Munteith had rather stolen a march on him.

"Really, Teddie, don't be so absurd!" snapped Flora, who always turned cross if her cousin, the only person the selfish girl really cared for, showed the slightest interest in any one.

She had not been blind to the fact that lately, wherever Miss O'Ferra was, there, if possible, was Mr. Galbraith also. So the cousins rode on in sulky silence.

In the meantime, Nellie—who had been assisting Lady Hildyard to write her note, et-cetera, and heartily joining in the praise of the general sweetness of Val, now introduced herself into her well-worn but perfectly fitting blue habit, and, with her little charge, proceeded to join Sir Wilton, her ladyship calling after her—

"Nellie dear," it was often "Nellie dear" when Flora was on, "are you sure Val is warm enough?"

"Oh, quite," was the answer; "he is a perfect mummy!"

Gathering up her habit with her small gloved hand, and carrying the little silver-headed riding-whip that had been a gift from her beloved father in the other, Nellie glided down the broad staircase, the wide, dark, polished stairs and balustrade forming a picturesque background to her pink and white beauty and glory of soft fair hair.

The picture was completed by Val's small figure by her side, in his furred coat and cap, his loving little face looking up to hers, glowing with excitement and pleasure.

"By Jove," murmured Colin Munteith to himself, as he stood with Sir Wilton by the open door, "no wonder the goddess Flora is jealous!"

Outside, instead of Kingfisher, the groom was leading a beautiful bay mare, with a lady's pad on her. Nellie paused in surprise.

"I have already secured Sir Wilton's permission for you to ride my little mare, and only wait your consent, Miss O'Ferra. If

you will do me the honor to try her, I am sure she will carry you splendidly. She has plenty of spirit; but you will manage her well, I know," said young Munteith, holding out his hand to assist her up, and positively blushing before the frank grateful look of Nellie's clear gray eyes.

"Oh, that girl can ride anything!" cried Sir Wilton, in high good-humor at not having opposed Flora, and yet providing his favorite with so good a mount.

"Ah, thank you, Mr. Munteith," answered Nellie; "it is very good of you! I am sure I shall like to ride her."

"There now, Nell!" cried Val triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you there was a surprise for you? And won't Flora be cross, after taking——"

"Now, little man, up with you," said Colin good-naturedly, anxious to put a stop to the child's voluble chatter.

It was too late however.

Nellie saw it all in a moment, and the warm color rushed into her sweet fair cheeks.

She said nothing, but turned all her attention for the next few minutes to the bay mare.

"What is her name?" she inquired, turning to Munteith.

"Odette. You manage her beautifully," replied Colin, in high spirits at the turn affairs had taken.

"It would be a great shame if I did not, for I could ride long before I could read," she said, smiling.

Merrily enough did the little party canter along the lanes, the hedges and trees glittering and glistening in their crystalized coating of snow, the keen air being tempered by the genial warmth of the sun's rays.

The exchange of pleasantries between the equestrians made the ride as enjoyable as it was exhilarating.

Having called at a neighboring farmhouse, they made a wide detour, and returned by way of the village.

Nellie was perfectly happy, for it recalled the freedom she once enjoyed at Castle O'Ferra.

Besides, Mr. Munteith was so attentive to her, and did all in his power to banish whatever annoyance Nellie might have felt at Flora's conduct.

Still, with all this, she felt that she would have been happier had Teddie Galbraith been in the place of Colin Munteith.

They rode into the great stable-yard and dismounted. Nellie and Val at once starting for the greenhouses.

"May I come too?" asked Mr. Munteith.

"Oh, yes!" answered Nellie, wishing he would not look at her so earnestly. "You ought to see the poinsettias; they are so beautiful now."

They had some little way to go through the garden to get to the hothouses; but, once inside, it was delightfully warm, and they spent some time admiring the tall white lilies, the camellias, scarlet poinsettias, and lovely ragged-looking chrysanthemums, and enjoying the grateful heat of the place.

"Ah, I see the others have returned; there are their horses going round!" said Nellie, as they emerged.

"We will run in at the side-door, Val;" and, with a little nod, she caught Val's hand and walked rapidly away.

The study looked very pleasant as they glanced in for a moment, a capital fire roaring up the chimney and casting a brilliant glow over the room.

"I'll go and change my habit in no time, and come down and enjoy you, love," said the girl, apostrophising the fire.

She was running upstairs with this intention when she encountered Mr. Galbraith.

"I hope you enjoyed your ride, Miss O'Ferra," said that gentleman rather morosely.

"Oh, intensely, thank you!" replied Nellie, looking with a smile into his gloomy face, but dropping her eyes again as they met the red-brown ones.

Somehow lately, when she caught those eyes looking at her as they did now, she could not face them as she had done at first.

"Are you going to honor us by appearing in the drawing-room to-night?" he demanded.

"I am not sure," replied Miss O'Ferra demurely, "very likely not."

"But you will be down for afternoon tea?" he inquired, more amiably, looking longingly at the fair flushed face.

"Ah, yes! But you don't care about that feminine refreshment, do you? You can't bear it, you know."

"Only when you pour it out," replied Teddie.

"I must go and disrobe, or Val will be waiting for me," said Nellie retreating hastily.

Teddie watched her out of sight, a graceful figure, he thought, as she went down the long corridor.

Could it be possible, he thought angrily, that he should join the regiment of sentimental love-sick asses he was so fond of having a fling at?

"It is no use; I'm done for!" he muttered, stroking his long red moustache. "But I hope I shall never be such a muff as poor old Dick!

"I'm afraid my little girl don't care for me.

"Well"—with a long sigh—"at least I can take it like a man, and say nothing about it. There is Munteith too. I suppose it would do no good to pitch into him?" he thought, with a grim smile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REGULAR kidnapper—soothing syrup.

Woman's Rights.

BY F. B. NELSON.

THERE were suspicions of tears in Genevieve Ransom's lovely violet-blue eyes—such ardent, soulful eyes, with their thin, blue-veined, white lids, fringed with heavy, half-curving lashes of intense black—a rich dusky darkness that matched the heavy, almost straight brows, and the magnificent hair that was such a vivid, splendid contrast to her ivory-white complexion, pale cheeks, and warm, exquisitely scarlet lips.

She made an exceedingly pretty picture sitting far behind the curtains that draped the oriel from off the sitting-room—her white, trailing skirt lying against the pallid emerald of the curtains and the silver-grey of the carpet, and the broad scarlet silk sash completing the harmony of hue—a fair, very fair sight to see, excepting the tears, that, while they did not detract from her sweetness, made one feel almost tempted to fight the fate that had made them seek their home in such lovely eyes.

Genevieve never cried.

She was not crying now, only the rebellious drop would come as she thought how she had given all her heart, all her love, unasked, unsought, to Doctor Howard Dalyell of all men; Doctor Howard Dalyell, with his joyous, gay manner, his handsome face, his tall, commanding figure, and—well, the way he had of looking in Genevieve's eyes—a way that set her breast all a-flutter, and her heart a-throb.

Until very lately, she had entertained such sweet, secret hopes that he loved her, that he would one day speak.

Until very lately, she had been most happy, and now, she was crouching in the extremest corner of the great oriel window, as miserable a girl as the May sun shone on.

And all this on Howard Dalyell's account.

All because she had learned one of the bitterest lessons that ever comes to a woman's heart to learn—the lesson that the one we love has not been worthy of our devotion, has not appreciated our loyalty—does not want our love.

It was a terrible blow to poor Genevieve, and yet she was not so much wounded as angry, angry with herself that she had been such a fool to allow herself to care for a man who could smile in a dozen women's eyes, and press the hand of every pretty girl he knew, and whisper sweet nothings in women's ears the same as she had permitted him to whisper to her.

This was what Dalyell had been doing all along.

There was no possible mistake about it, for, not two hours before, Rose St. Ormond and Clarie Dell Valle had had a most spirited discussion of the gentleman in question in the very sitting-room where Genevieve was sitting, a comparison of experiences that proved conclusively that he had been very deliberately flirting with all three girls.

Miss St. Ormond had declared indignantly that Dalyell had sent her a bouquet that very morning, with the sweetest note hidden among the flowers, and that he had more than once expressed wonder that any man of taste could admire either Miss Ransom or Miss Dell Valle when she was in the field.

Clarie Dell Valle, with her black eyes flashing, and all her Spanish blood up, maintained stoutly that Dalyell had time and again declared that to look in her eyes was like a glimpse of Heaven itself.

And poor, heart-sick Genevieve had sat and listened with white face and quivering frame; not that he had ever paid such fulsome compliments to her, or compared other ladies with her, but because, somehow, some way, she had thought him the perfection of gentlemanly delicacy, she had been impressed with the idea that he cared for her.

All her distress and mortification were visible on her sweet face as the girls—and true friends they had always been—dethroned her idol, so honestly, if rudely.

"He's been playing the same game with you, Genevieve, I can tell. Oh, he deserves to be gibbeted, and he shall be punished some way. Girls, let's give him a lesson that he'll never forget. Let's have our revenge."

Clarie's bright eyes were dancing with a half-angry, half-merry light.

"Of course we none of us care a straw for such a rascal, and we can't be hurt with the little idea I have thought of.

"But Dalyell, with his high-tone style, and his refinement, and his ideas of womanly delicacy and the like, he'll find we're even with him.

"Girls," she added, "it's leap year, and we will all propose to him on the same day, and make him engage himself to us all, by force of threats and in consequence of the attentions he has paid us. And then we will confront him at once, and I think Mr. Dalyell will regret the day he settled in Endon.

"I'll go first to his house, and Rose next, and Genevieve last. Girls, will you unite to give him his just deserts?"

And they promised, our Genevieve reluctantly.

And now the girls were gone, and she was sitting all alone, so miserable, so unspeakably miserable and unhappy, so regretful that she had passed her word to join the leap-year frolic, ashamed to draw back lest such an act should be construed into a very great interest in Dalyell, and, with all these varied feelings, a desire to let him know that she was not deceived in him.

And the lovely May afternoon wore away in warm breezes and soft fragrance of spring flowers and fresh earth, and Genevieve felt it was the funeral day of all her hopes and happiness.

* * * * * *

Dr. Dalyell's room was a very pleasant place that warm May afternoon, when three lovely girls sat in the reception-room, like three fair Fates—Miss St. Ormond, Miss Dell Valle, and Genevieve.

Outside, gay striped awnings shaded the long French windows.

Within, light furniture and light India matting made the spacious room the very ideal of summer coolness and comfort, while Dalyell himself, handsome as a prince, and affably courteous to the girls as one by one they entered his private room from the reception-room.

Dr. Dalyell bowed and smiled to the three young ladies, all unconscious of the fate in store for him.

Genevieve had taken a magazine from a marble-top table, and vainly tried to read it, while Miss St. Ormond, with a face of almost ridiculously comic gravity, waited in calm composure until the door should open that had closed on Clarie Dell Valle's entrance into the other room.

Ten—fifteen—minutes, and then Dr. Dalyell opened the door—calm, courteous, all untroubled as ever.

Rose went in, her haughty little head up, her bewitching eyes smiling in his own pleasant face.

Ten—fifteen minutes more, and Genevieve's heart seemed threatening to suffocate her.

Could she—could she fulfil her part of the programme?

Oh, how dare she ever promise?—yes, she would do it, if she died the next minute.

And just then the door opened, and she arose and walked in, straight past the doctor, with her heart heaving, her face pale, her eyes feeling provokingly suspicious of tears.

Mr. Dalyell asked her to be seated—and his kindly, courteous way went like a dagger through her heart.

"I think I am very highly favored of the gods this afternoon, Miss Genevieve. Two of your lady friends have just honored me with a passing call, and are in the other room."

Genevieve looked at him, feeling more wretched, ashamed and stubborn than ever before in her life.

She smiled.

She meant it to be awfully sarcastic, but it failed.

"Indeed! Perhaps, then, you will not care to know my errand, if two have already preceded me. But my object is coming——"

A little hysterical noise interrupted her speech.

Then she gave one plunge into the subject, and rushed through the sentence at railroad speed.

"Mr. Dalyell, I came to know if you are aware that it is the time when ladies have the privilege of asking gentlemen to marry them? Will you please have me? I would be—very delighted—indeed, and—of course, I am hopeful, since your attentions have been so marked. Really, if you refuse, I shall be heart-broken, because I am so dreadfully in love with you, you know."

Her cheeks were flaming, her eyes bright with unshed tears, and she stood trembling in every limb.

Mr. Dalyell's handsome face had grown seriously grave.

His eyes never left her face one instant while she was rapidly, hysterically delivering her speech.

Then, just the faintest gleam of a smile crept to his lips.

"I must confess I am quite overcome at the prospect of such honor and happiness at your hands, Miss Genevieve, but I cannot make myself believe you really mean that——"

His tender, half-serious, half-reproachful voice was suddenly interrupted by the excited entrance of Rose St. Ormond and Clarie Dell Valle.

"Whatever do you mean, Gennie Ransom? Oh—h—you have actually been proposing to Mr. Dalyell! Why, it was his scapegrace of a younger brother—Mr. Clinton Dalyell—we meant! And haven't we gotten even with him! Genevieve Ransom whatever have you been doing?"

It was a scene that I cannot attempt to describe.

The mortification, the shame, the awful shame on poor Genevieve's sweet, burning face; the amusement, almost fear, on the girls' countenances, and the sudden glory of joy that swept over Mr. Dalyell's.

"Just leave Miss Ransom alone a moment, if you please, ladies," he said, pleasantly.

Then, after he closed the door on them, he waked straight up to the girl, who sat, rigid, with her hands covering her face, and said—

"Genevieve, if you will tell me what you said is true, you will make me the happiest man in the world. Genevieve, my darling, I have loved you so long. Genevieve, my darling, will you be my wife, my loved, honored wife?"

"Don't—don't!"

She gasped the words, only conscious of having done the shameful deed.

His arms were around her—his kisses on her blushing forehead.

"You must never say 'don't' to me, dear, because I certainly shall love you and kiss you whenever I please. Silence has given the consent I know you have granted, and all I ask is for you to look in my eyes once and let me see how my little betrothed looks. Genevieve, darling! when I gave Clinton a good round scolding for the way he flirted with the girls, I little knew it would result in this. Genevieve, you shall kiss me!"

* * * * * *

And so the leap-year episode ended, although Genevieve's cheeks will flush painfully if Mr. Dalyell as much as mentions the "privileges of ladies," or woman's rights, and he does love to tease her.

Scientific and Useful.

GREASY FILES.—For cleaning a greasy finishing-file there is nothing better than a burning over a forge fire or in the flame of an alcohol lamp or a gas-flame. The burning should be done by a gentle passage to and fro through the flame, until the grease on the file burns with a blaze. Then the blaze should be blown out and the file be carded. When cleaned, dip the file into a jar of lye, and clean in cold water.

GILT.—Gilt articles, if of metal, may be cleansed by rubbing them gently with a sponge or soft brush moistened with a solution of an ounce of borax in a pint of water, then rinsing them in clean water, and drying with a soft linen rag. Their lustre may be improved in cases by gently heating them, and then applying gentle friction with a soft rag. Gilt frames of mirrors, pictures, &c., should never be touched with anything but clean water, gently applied with a soft sponge or brush.

BEAR'S GREASE.—Most of the so-called bear's grease is prepared as follows. Take of washed hog's lard (dry) one pound and a quarter avoirdupois, melt it by the heat of a water-bath; and of balsam of Peru two drachms, flowers of benzoin and palm-oil (bright) of each one drachm; stir vigorously for a few minutes to promote solution; then remove the pan from the bath, and, after letting it stand for a short time, pour off the clear portion from the sediment and stir the liquid mass until it begins to cool.

TERRA-COTTA TILES.—The use of terra-cotta tiles for the roofing of buildings is now advocated by engineers of the highest repute, in place of slate and other popular materials. The tiles are very light, owing to the rectangular holes traversing them longitudinally; but recent experiments have shown that they are capable of bearing the enormous pressure of 304 pounds per square foot, and, when protected from blows by a thin sheathing, furnish one of the best materials available for the floors of large structures.

IRON AND BRICK.—The causes of the gradual loosening of the iron work in buildings constructed of brick and iron have been made the subject of a careful inquiry by a London engineer, who finds that the phenomenon is largely due to the difference in expansion of the two materials under the influence of temperature. Iron fronts facing to the become loosened far sooner than fronts facing northerly. Iron floors girders and beams become sources of destruction rather than permanence, also, in buildings in which extremes of temperature are necessary.

Farm and Garden.

DUCKS.—Many persons lose their young ducks by allowing them to enter the water before they are feathered, as the soft yellow down does not protect them from wet.

FEEDING PLACES.—It is contended that separate feeding places should be provided for the different classes of stock, as it conduces to greater harmony and contentment.

VEGETABLES.—An old gardener says: "My advice is all should raise their own plants. They will give better satisfaction than those you buy of the professional plant grower, who starts them in a hot-bed."

BOTANY FOR FARMERS.—All farmers' children should be taught at least the rudiments of botany. Should they remain on the farm such knowledge will not only be a lifelong pleasure, but will be of positive value.

GRAPES.—A good, strong two-year-old grape vine is large enough and old enough for setting out anywhere; but in no case should the cane or canes, if there are more than one springing from the roots, be left two or three feet long when the vine is transplanted.

CANS AND CROWS.—A correspondent utilizes old tin cans to scare crows. He hangs them up around the field, first attaching stones or any other suitable substance with strings to the inside of the cans, which as they are shaken by the wind, rattle and frighten the crows.

WEEDS.—Weeds are continually appearing on lawns and causing trouble. Many disappear after a time, as the constant cutting prevents seeding, and eventually causes their destruction. A few, like the narrow-leaved plantain, it may be necessary to dig out. This is conveniently done with a narrow instrument, something like a chisel. A pinch of salt placed on a tenacious weed causes its death.

COTTONSEED.—Cottonseed oil is said to be superior for many cooking purposes. It does not scorch so readily as other oils, and if properly refined gives an excellent flavor to what is cooked with it. People have been using more cottonseed oil than they knew, much of it being palmed off as olive oil. Now that its merits are better understood, it can afford to pass under the true colors. Let those who desire to consume oil have their opportunity.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 27, 1884.

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GREAT TALKERS.

"Great cry, little wool," runs the old saying; and it is eminently true in the case of great talkers. They make a great noise, their tongues rattle on by the hour together, as if they were keeping well in view the proverb, "If I rest I rust."

When all is over, and these great talkers have taken themselves off, how much food for solid thought have they left behind them?

Great talkers are seldom great thinkers, or even thinkers at all. Deep or serious thought, such as Anthony Trollope loved to call "elbow grease of the mind," is seldom productive of a great flow of empty words; brain-workers, for the most part, are not loquacious.

This is, perhaps, one of the reasons—though not the principal one by any means—why women sin so much more against the code of silence than men; they do less thinking.

Between great talkers and good talkers there is a vast difference, though thoughtless people, or perhaps, more truthfully speaking, envious people, frequently confound the two. One talks simply for talk's sake—the other because he has something to say.

Loquacious as women are generally supposed to be, they are not always good talkers in the real sense. They are adepts at the art of "making conversation," having at instant command an unlimited amount of small talk, as it is aptly named, which is simply invaluable in the society of the present day. Without doubt, also, most of them are very good at repartee; but there they frequently end.

A well-told story is what may be called the backbone of good talking. A man can often color a reminiscence, make it distinctly humorous or pathetic as the case may be, give it a realistic touch, and bring out the characters and incidents so forcibly that the whole thing seems actually happening at the moment, and yet be nothing of an actor or an orator. He has only the gift of a fluent tongue.

Good talkers, like geniuses, "are born, not made;" all the study and practice in the world will not make them if Nature herself has not had a finger in the pie, though fluency and ease may be both acquired in time; just in the same way as "made" musicians will attain rapidity and ease in touch and execution, and yet manage to miss the true ring which, in all things great or small, comes only to those who are, so to speak, "to the manner born."

But people will nevertheless—to their credit be it said—go on trying just the same. There is an attraction, a fascination, a genuine drawing power about a good talker which makes him immensely popular, and gives him a power over the hearts and minds of his fellow-creatures such as nothing else could impart.

Though of all social idols he of the silver tongue is perhaps the one who has made the least actual effort to attain his position, yet the great difficulty is to draw him out.

To make him show his mettle he has to be surreptitiously nursed and coaxed, and finally surprised into giving reign to his own natural impulse, unless, indeed, he chance to be surrounded by thoroughly congenial spirits.

And here, again, the long tongue differs from the silver tongue, of which it is in reality an imitation. Sleek, smooth-tongued men, who vie with the women in their flow of words and power of out-talking everybody else, always have an intense desire for the name of "good talker," and do all in their power to acquire it.

They launch out on the slightest provocation, and, indeed, frequently with none at all, making openings themselves with a persistency worthy of a better cause—an indifference to snubs, and purposely open inattention that in its effrontery is simply sublime; a total disregard for the feelings of everybody but himself. We know the man; we have all met him at some time or other, and probably been in the list of his victims—suffered silently, perhaps, but none the less acutely. His friends call him a "great talker." Others regard him as simply a bore.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE woods of the United States are estimated to cover over 380,000,000 acres, or 16 per cent. of the total area.

—

AN innovation is about to be introduced into the French postoffice system. It is proposed in future to stamp all letters by machinery. By this means it is hoped that time will be saved, and that the imprint of the stamping office may be made clearer than by the system in vogue at present of stamping by hand.

—

WOODEN pavements have had their day in London, and are to be superseded by the MacAdam system. The wooden pavement is said to have not only failed to realize the promised advantages, but has led, according to Professor Tyndall, to serious affections of the eyes and lungs; that is, by continual watering, the wood became saturated with street filth, and then, under the influence of the hot sun, gave forth a pernicious species of dust.

—

AT the wedding breakfast in England, recently, one of the bridesmaids expressed a wish to see that mystic document, a wedding license, which she had never beheld. The request occasioned a fearful discovery. The clergyman had quite forgotten to ask for the license, the bridegroom had left it to his best man to look after, and this the best man had forgotten to do. Of course, the marriage was not legal. The wedding party broke up in dismay, and the ceremony was performed again the next day.

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AMERICANS who are wont to rejoice in the progressiveness of the country, doubtless delight themselves with the innumerable delays, appeals, new trials and stays, which a criminal may, and generally does, obtain in courts of law, except just after a riot. In an English criminal trial there are no exceptions, and after a verdict of guilty, no matter how erroneous the law has been laid down, or how illegal the conviction, there follows no appeal except for mercy at the Home Office, which is rarely granted.

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THE total number of negroes in the United States is estimated at 6,000,000, or one-ninth of the entire population. Only seven of the Northern States have a higher colored population than 20,000, and of these the highest is Pennsylvania, with 65,000. The last census indicates that the white population doubles itself every 25 years, while the negro does the same in every 20 years. From these figures a writer in a leading magazine, making allowance for Northern and foreign immigration, concludes that in one hundred years the negroes in every Southern State will be double the number of whites.

—

IT appears that, as a result of the general prosperity during the last fifty years, the average duration of life in England has increased. The present span of years allotted is 41.9 for the male, and 45.3 for the female. In the period 1838–54 the average was 39.9 and 41.9 respectively. Of each thousand males born since 1871 forty-four more will attain the age of thirty-five. The estimate for the whole of life now is that of one thousand persons—one-half males and one-half females—35 survive at the age of 54, 26 at 55, nine at 65, three at 75, and one at 85. Every thousand persons born since 1870 will live in the aggregate about 2,700 years longer than before.

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A "MARRIAGE CHAMBER" has been established in Berlin—a sort of exchange at which persons of opposite sexes and matrimonial tendencies may congregate to select partners "without regard to position, fortune, age, or faith." If the acquaintance leads to marriage, both parties have to engage to pay to the chamber one per cent. of their annual income. "Parties will do well," the circular adds, to examine seriously if they possess those qualities that make marriage desirable." The fee demanded by the Chamber is strictly moderate—$1.50 for Berlinese, and $1.75 for provincials; and if the first acquaintance leads to no results, clients may make another attempt without any extra charge.

—

OH, the music in the word home! It brings back to us a sweet strain from the heart of our memory. To the young it is a reminder of all that is near and dear to them. Our noblest, best men, the leading men of our nation, derived the elements of their character from maternal care bestowed upon them in childhood. Who moulds our characters while we are yet young? Certainly our mother does. There is no influence so powerful as hers upon the rising generation. She who shapes the characters of our great and good men, to her it also falls to train those who are to be mothers when she is no more, and to do for this generation what she has done for hers.

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A CARPENTER in Central Mexico earns from sixty to seventy-five cents a day; a mason the same; a common day laborer from twenty-five to fifty cents; a farm laborer who works by the month from $3 to $5 a month and "found." They work from daylight until sunset, with half an hour at 9 o'clock, and again at 3, for breakfast and supper. These hours are very long, but they take it easy, stopping every little while to smoke their cigarros, and accomplishing less than an American laborer will do in six or seven hours' work. Their earnings are barely sufficient to keep them in food and clothes of the coarsest kind, with an occasional something over for the bull fight; but for all that they are the happiest people on the face of the earth

—

A new congress is on the tapis. There have been so many duels in France of late that the proposal has seriously been made that those who have played a principal part in these little affairs should assemble for the purpose of drawing up a code of honor. It is suggested that duels should be divided into three categories. Mortal insults, for instance, should be wiped out by the pistol alone, the sword being strictly excluded. For offenses of a medium type the sword or the pistol would be employed, the distances in the latter case being determined according to its gravity. Lastly, the sword would alone be permitted in duels connected with the frequent quarrels arising out of newspaper attacks and the like—by far the most numerous class of encounters. As a general rule little damage is done to either of the belligerents at these affairs of honor, which, from their very commonness, have lost much of the halo with which they were formerly invested. Wounds in the forearm are the almost universal rule, the Bois de Bologne being the favorite battleground.

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LONDON, with its population of 4,000,000, takes precedence of all other great cities in its list of periodical publications, which numbers nearly 2,000. These have an annual circulation of about 1,017,000,000 copies. Paris, with a population of less than 3,000,000, issues 1,553 periodicals, and these have an annual circulation of about 1,100,000,000 copies. It is estimated that the journalistic products of Paris amount annually to almost one tenth of the entire issue of the globe. New York and Brooklyn, with a population nearly equal to that of Paris, produce 537 publications, with an annual circulation of about 516,000,000. Berlin produces 536, Vienna 483, Madrid 253, Brussels 233, Rome 218, showing a gradual diminution until St. Petersburg is reached, with a population of 677,963, and a newspaper issue of 182, and Moscow, with a population of 601,969, and 57 periodicals.

—

A NEW YORK medical expert says that if cigarettes were made of second-hand tobacco it would be a good thing for the youth of the country, for as thus made the deleterious substances would nearly all be extracted. He says: "The old cigar stumps, after the charred ends were cut off, are soaked in a solution of ammonia and some other chemicals which takes away nearly all the nicotine from the tobacco, and removes all traces of smoke and creosote. This mass of pulpy tobacco is then pressed into cakes, and shaved into fine shreds by a cutting machine. Then it is given a bath in some bleaching solution which removes nearly all the properties of which the weed is possessed when it comes from the plantation. Then it is dried, after which it is passed under an atomizer and dampened by means of a preparation of glycerine and some flavoring extract. Then it is ready for the cigarette."

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IN history we have the golden age, the iron age, the age of brass, and the other periods similarly marked. Future annalists may well describe the present period of our history as the wire age. In no part of the economy of our daily lives are we divorced from wire. It is our slave, and yet an ever present master. Sleeping, we repose on wire mattresses. Eating, we see foods which have passed through sieves, and which are sheltered from insect appetite by wire covers. Calling, we pull wires to ring curled wire gongs. Traveling, we are conveyed by cable or electric railways, hoisted by elevators hung on wires, and hurried over wire bridges. We announce our coming by telegraph or telephone wires, and we thread our way by night through streets lighted by means of electric cables. Across our fields are strung thousands of miles of barbed wire. Our clocks are set by wires, our watches run by wires, our books are stitched with wires, our pictures hung by wires, and our politics managed by wires.

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THE more thoroughly the causes of disease are understood, the more and more they are found traceable to a violation of hygienic laws. If the ravages of cholera, or yellow fever and typhoid, may be controlled in a great measure by the observance of such laws, why may not scarlet fever, measles and whooping-cough be prevented, or very much limited? The prevailing sentiment that all children must necessarily have these diseases once, finds no support whatever in the nature of physiology or in the principles of hygiene. The fact is already established that the spread and violence of scarlet fever, by isolation, cleanliness, and ventilation, are very much modified, and, in some instances, entirely prevented. We believe the time will come when scarlet fever, measles, and whooping-cough, which now destroys such multitudes of children, will become, in a measure, things of the past. It is not only the great amount of sickness and mortality occasioned directly by these diseases, but the impaired constitutions and other complaints consequent upon them, that may also be prevented. When the community realizes fully that the means of preserving health, especially in early life, are placed, in a great measure, in its own hands, a far higher estimate will be placed upon the value of human life, and the responsibility for its preservation will be found to depend in a great measure upon human efforts.

AUTUMN.

BY C. A. C.

Summer is dead; and the Autumn winds, weeping,
Wail 'mid the leaves that lately were green,
And tell how the year is with feeble steps creeping
To join with the numberless years that have been.
When the sunshine was bright, and the birds softly singing,
We dreamed not of cold, or the sky's chilling mien;
We saw not how swiftly the glad hours were winging;
We heard but sweet voices with happiness ringing.

Summer is dead, and the year's hopes are dying—
The hopes that were bright when the springtide was young;
When we each came with eagerness forth to life's trying,
With a step that was firm and a heart that was strong.
And what can we bring as the cause of life's failing?
Was the daylight too dim, and the darkness too long?
Were the storm-waves too wild for the ship's steady sailing?
Was the helmsman unnerv'd by the winds and their wailing?

Summer is dead; ay, but springtide is coming,
And the leaves that are yellow, and brittle, and dead
Will revive once again when the flowers are blooming,
And the boughs will wave green once more over our head.
Will the hopes then revive that are now swiftly waning?
Will the life come again that is now nearly sped?
Shall we hear once again the world's mirth and complaining?
Ah, that must be left for death's certain explaining.

Forty Years.

BY F. R. NELSON.

LONG, straight and monotonous stretched the highway connecting the scattered hamlets in a very remote part of Holland.

Shade there was none, the only trees for miles around being the tall poplars which seemed to look down mockingly on the scorched ground.

Dazzlingly white and interminably dusty the road seemed to stretch before the dark blue eyes of a young man who had been trudging along alone for several hours, and who at last gladly took advantage of the slight shade cast by a pile of stones to throw himself upon the ground by the roadside and stretch his tired limbs as luxuriously as the unfavorable circumstances would allow.

There was nothing at first sight to distinguish this wayfarer from many others who passed over the same highway—frequently students from a small university town not far distant—but a close observer might have detected a light in the tired eye looking over the dusty landscape which twenty years of life do not often kindle, telling of strength and power—the light before which men involuntarily bow down, as showing a leader and ruler among them.

Only a few moments he gazed dreamily over the uninteresting country, then sought rest in another way.

Drawing from his pocket the pieces of a flute, he quickly joined them together, and was soon filling the air with strains of music soft, low, tender, and pensive, as suited his own weariness and languor of the sultry summer day.

Despite the energy, determination, and strength marked in every feature of his face, this young man could be none other than a musician, for neither the inborn genius was wanting nor the evidence of most careful and patient training.

He had long forgotten that he was tired and hungry, that the road before him was at least three inches deep with dust, and the sun pouring down rays which seemed fairly to scorch everything they touched, when he was startled, in the midst of an impassioned andante of Beethoven's, by a strange choking sound behind him, something between a sob and a sigh.

Turning, he found, standing a few steps from him, a young girl with clasped hands and bent head—a girl with hair fair as flax and eyes blue as the forget-me-nots growing in the field close by.

The young man was on his feet in an instant, weariness forgotten in the presence of so fair a companion; but the half-fancy compliment he was about to utter died on his lips as he saw a tear stealing slowly down the delicately-rounded cheek of the girl, who seemed to be little more than a child.

"Ah, my child," he cried with quick sympathy, unwittingly speaking in German—his mother-tongue—"you are in trouble! Can I help you?"

"No, sir," said the girl softly in the same language, raising her head and gazing at the young man with an innocent awe and reverence which touched him deeply. "I don't know what it is; but your music—I can't tell if it is gladness or sorrow. As I heard you play, the tears would come."

"Are you so fond of music then, child?" asked the young man, delighted.

"I don't think that I was before, sir," the girl answered simply. "But I haven't heard that kind of music."

"Won't you sit down here for a moment? I will play again if you wish; but first you must tell me your name."

The girl took a place beside her companion quietly and unhesitatingly.

"My name is Greta. And yours?" she asked.

"Mine? Hum! Fritz, of course. And you—are you an angel dropped from some passing cloud, or a fairy risen from the earth, to appear so suddenly before me? I mean"—laughing at her bewildered air—"where did you come from?"

"I have been to the Chapel of Our Lady in Dori Sessin to count my beads," she answered slowly; "and then——"

"And then?" asked Fritz, looking admiringly at the lovely innocent eyes gazing dreamily into the distance, while he caressingly drew through his hands one of the long flaxen braids falling over the girl's shoulders and below her waist.

"And then I went into the wood over there, and have been over there ever since."

"Doing what?" Fritz persisted. "Gathering flowers to adorn your soft pretty hair?"

"Doing nothing but lying on the grass, listening to the brook trickling by and watching the clouds sail past, and hearing what the birds sing to each other—for I understand almost all they say.

"Ah, sir, it is so quiet and peaceful and lovely there! I hope, when I die, they will bury me there under the trees, close by the water. Nowhere else could I rest so well."

Wonderingly Fritz gazed at this girl, so widely different from all the rest of the rustic beauties he had met on the high-roads.

Without a thought of the gay badinage in which he usually indulged on such occasions, he almost reverently took one of the unresisting hands loosely clasped on the girl's knees, as he said to her very gently—

"My child, you are too young yet to think of death. A great many happy years will pass, I hope, before you lie there beside the brook. Shall I play for you once again?"

Once more the sweet strains floated on the sultry air, while Greta, with parted lips and wide-open, almost worshipping eyes which never left the young man's face, listened as if fearing by any breath or motion to break the spell.

At last Fritz started to his feet, put his flute into his pocket, and, tossing back his brown hair with a merry shake of the head, exclaimed—

"I dare say I shall shock you Greta; but all the same I am getting abominably hungry. What am I going to do for my dinner?

"I was told that there was a capital inn in the neighborhood, kept by a German woman—a certain Mutter van Tann—where an uncommonly good venison ragout is sometimes to be had. Can you tell me if it is near?"

"Yes," answered Greta quietly; "you will come with me, please. The inn is my home, and I am Mutter van Tann's daughter."

Good-natured hospitable Mutter van Tann came bustling forward herself to receive the guest her daughter brought to the door ushering him immediately into the smoke-begrimed inn-parlor, just then without an occupant.

"Yes, mutter—tired and hungry, too," he exclaimed, in answer to her greeting, "but quite happy in the certainty of getting the very best dinner here that was ever cooked by the very best-looking landlady in Holland!"

The landlady beamed.

"I shall do my best to prevent your regretting having come to my inn, sir. What shall I give you?"

"Nothing more nor less than one of your celebrated venison ragouts, mutter, which are said to be unequalled even by anything in the kitchen of the King himself."

Mutter van Tann's face fell.

"Perhaps you don't know, sir, that the ragouts are very expensive," she said slowly, eyeing furtively the rather shabby dusty coat, and boots of her guest.

"No matter, mutter; my whole heart is set on one of your ragouts."

"They cost four guldens."

"If they cost four hundred, I must have one."

"Ah, young man, that is all very well; but I know the ways of students like yourself!

"More than one have I had in my house who ordered one of my very best ragouts, and then went away with their purses as full as they came, leaving Mutter van Tann four guldens poorer."

"Come, come, now, mutter!" cried Fritz merrily, seizing both the landlady's hands and compelling her to look straight into his honest blue eyes. "Tell me—do I look like such an out-and-out rascal?"

"No, sir, that you don't!" said the landlady, melting and laughing in spite of herself. "Where do you come from?"

"From Berlin."

"Berlin, sir? Ach, that is where the old King lives, about whom people tell such queer stories! I am a Prussian, too, and right glad I am to meet one of my countrymen.

"Well, I suppose you must have your way; and I must be off to see to the ragout. Come along, Greta, and try for once to help your mother. Have you been wasting your time out there with the birds and fishes all the morning?"

"There, mutter—scold me instead of Greta; for it was I who wasted her time this morning, and haven't finished yet, for I want her to stay and entertain me while you are off about the ragout. I must have something to console me for your absence, you know."

With a smile and a frown Mutter van Tann departed.

Fritz turned to Greta, who had been standing in a window, paying very little attention to her mother's remarks.

"Won't you come and sit here on the sofa, Greta," he said gently with a sudden change of manner, "and talk to me a little about yourself while I am waiting for the ragout?"

The girl obeyed immediately, and a long conversation ensued, consisting chiefly of questions from Fritz with regard to his companion's life and occupations, which she answered unreservedly, being at last led on to talk freely of her thoughts and feelings, and revealing by degrees the secret depths of her pure, innocent, dreamy nature to the young man, who listened with reverent sympathy, his astonishment ever growing deeper at the strange dissimilarity between mother and child.

Soon Greta begged him for some more music.

Fritz, after gratifying her wish asked her if she could not sing something for him.

The girl assented readily, adding after a moment's thought—

"My favorite is an old song taught me by my grandmother, which I can sing in German as well as Dutch. Perhaps you could accompany it with the flute?"

The air was very simple and marvellously sweet and mournful.

After Greta had hummed it over once or twice, Fritz's quick ear enabled him to accomplish the desired accompaniment; and softly the sad plaintive air floated through the shabby smoke-stained inn-parlor into the kitchen, where Mutter van Tann was absorbed heart and soul in the ragout.

"What a melancholy song you have chosen, Greta!" he exclaimed, when the girl had finished, trying to speak cheerfully. "Can't you give me something more lively as a remembrance to carry away with me?"

Tears rolled down the girl's cheeks as she stood silent for a moment.

Then, without a thought of harm, impulsively clasping both hands around her companion's arm, she leaned her head against his shoulders as she murmured, in a voice choking with sobs—

"You are going away! Ah, when we meet again, we shall be old and cold!"

The words were an echo of her song.

"No, Greta, dear child," cried the young man, touched to the heart by her grief, and scarcely knowing what he said in his desire to soothe her, "we shall not be old and cold when we meet again, but young and happy, for I will come again next week—to-morrow! I will not leave you, Greta."

A lovely smile of joy and gratitude shone through Greta's tears as she looked up at the young man who was bending over her.

Softly and reverently he pressed his lips on her fair hair and gently put her away, just as the door opened to admit a most appetising odor and Mutter van Tann bearing in triumph the savory ragout.

"Here, sir, is such a dish as you will not get every day, though, I suppose, I should not say so!" she remarked, with complacent pride.

"I assure you I appreciate my good luck, mutter," said Fritz gaily; "and there is only one thing necessary to complete my happiness."

"Is it beer or schnapps, sir?" asked the landlady.

"Neither. It is the company of yourself and your daughter at this best of d'nners."

"Oh, sir, we shall be very much pleased, I am sure, if you are not too proud to sit down with such simple folks as Greta and I!"

Quickly the ragout and a bottle of Mutter van Tann's best wine disappeared, the repast being enlivened by a running fire of jokes, compliments and stories between the landlady and her guest, in which Greta took very little part.

At last there seemed no excuse for sitting longer over the table.

Fritz, who had for a moment relapsed into thoughtful silence, rose to his feet with a half sigh as he glanced at Greta.

Then, turning to the landlady, he said quietly—

"It is growing late, Mutter van Tann, and I must leave you. Will you allow me to send to-morrow some remembrance of my pleasant visit and your kindness to me, as a souvenir of Frederic, Prince of Prussia!"

For an instant the landlady stared, then laughed scornfully.

"Ach, sir, you young gentlemen will have your jokes! Wasn't there one here last week who told me he was King of the Cannibal Islands, and must have a baby's tender loin for his dinner? No, sir, Mutter van Tann hasn't lost her wits yet!"

"Oh, well, mutter, it's no matter anyway!" laughed the young man. "But it is high time I was showing you that I don't intend making off without paying you for the ragout.

The landlady looked relieved, while Fritz thrust his hand into one pocket after another, finishing his search at last with an exclamation of most comical consternation.

"Upon my word, could anything be more absurd? I haven't a penny anywhere about me!"

For an instant Mutter van Tann gazed speechless.

Then she saw that this was not intended as a joke.

"Swindler, rascal!" she exclaimed.

"But, mutter," cried Fritz, almost choking with laughter.

"Oh, you smooth-tongued, impudent scoundrel, to deceive and rob a poor widow who was fool enough to trust you! You a Prince indeed, you shabby, lying, rascally musician with never a penny to bless yourself!"

"But, mutter," put in a tearful pleading voice, as a soft hand was laid on the angry woman's arm, "I am sure he has lost his purse. He would never——"

"Greta, you are a perfect fool! Look at him! He hasn't even the decency to pretend to be ashamed of himself, but stands there laughing, as if it were the best joke in the world! Oh, the villain, he will never——"

Just then the landlady's attention was diverted by an unusual sight—the view from the window of a very handsome travelling-carriage and pair of coal-black horses drawing up before the inn, while an elegantly-dressed gentleman, before whom the footmen bowed respectfully, sprang from the carriage, and in an instant was in the inn-parlor.

"Thank Heaven!" he began, as he caught sight of Fritz.

The young man interrupted him hastily, speaking in French, and requesting to be addressed in the same language.

"I knew you were in this neighborhood," the new-comer continued, "and have been looking anxiously for you since yesterday. There is bad news from Berlin. Your father is very ill, and you are summoned to return immediately. There is not a moment to be lost!"

With a hurried cry of dismay, the young man started to his feet, and, followed closely by his friend, hastened towards the door.

On the threshold he turned for an instant with a farewell glance at Greta, who was gazing at him with a grief-stricken expression which he never forgot.

"Adieu, Greta," he said gently, "until we meet again!"

The next moment a cloud of dust in the wake of the swiftly-departing carriage was all that remained of Mutter van Tann's guest.

* * * * * *

Forty years had passed.

All Europe was ringing with the glory and renown of the warrior-King of Prussia.

The years which had sprinkled his hair with silver had, in return, crowned him with undying laurels, and the proud acclamations of a grateful people had bestowed upon him the surname of "Great."

It was one of the King's few hours of repose, when the ambitious visions of the soldier and statesman were held in check by the magic of music, which up to the day of his death was Frederic's keenest delight.

Silently the great monarch was lying on a sofa in the music room at Sans Souci, listening dreamily to the strains which his old music-master and friend Quanz was drawing from the piano, where, at the King's desire, he was trying for the first time a collection of Scandinavian *Volkslieder*.

Motionless the King listened for some time.

Then he arose, and began very slowly pacing up and down the room as he spoke to Quanz.

"Ah, Quanz, they are all very well! But I have never heard one of these songs which touched me so deeply as one I heard years ago in Holland, but which, to my regret, has completely passed from my memory. I think you have heard me speak of it before?"

"Yes, sire; and, if you remember, careful inquiries were made in Holland for the inn and the family who lived there at the time of your trip in that country, with the hope of finding the lost melody you so regret. But the inn had been burnt down years before, and no one could give any tidings of the family."

"Yes, yes, Quanz—I know. It is strange how the remembrance of such a simple song clings to me, though the melody has long since so tantalisingly escaped my memory. I suppose I am getting old and childish, old friend. Thank you; we will have no more music to-day."

The old musician took his leave.

Frederic stepped through the low window out into the June sunshine, into the luxuriant leafy beauty of the gardens of Sans Souci.

Old Quanz's *Volkslieder* had certainly had a depressing effect upon the King, for an absent, half-melancholy expression had replaced the usual sternness of his face, and the eagle eyes before whose terrible glance thousands quailed were dreamy and soft as he strolled away from the palace, sunk in that coldest and vainest of regrets—regret for a vanished youth.

Half unconsciously, lost in retrospection, he directed his steps down one of the side-alleys at some distance from the palace, and, turning an abrupt corner, came suddenly and unobserved upon a soldier who had thrown himself upon a bench, where he was reading a letter upon which Frederic saw tears slowly falling.

At this sight the King's face grew hard and stern again.

With lowering brow, he stopped before the unconscious soldier, exclaiming scornfully—

"What, a soldier in the army of Frederic crying like a schoolgirl! Has your sweetheart frowned up n you then?"

"Sire," stammered the soldier, springing to his feet, almost speechless with consternation, "the letter is from my poor mother."

The King's brow cleared a little.

"Is she in trouble?"

"Yes, sire. She is growing old, and is too weak to work. She can earn nothing, since she has lost her health, and is to be sent from her home for want of money to pay the rent.

"All her sons are dead but myself, the youngest, and I—I can do nothing to help her. Sire, I think that for such a cause even a soldier of the Great Frederic need not blush to shed a few tears."

"You are right. What is your name, and where do you come from?"

"Piter Gelder, sire, and I come from Holland."

"Very well, Piter Gelder; I will look over the conduct-record, and, if I find nothing against you, I will see what can be done for your mother."

"Sire, sire," began the man, fairly trembling with joy and gratitude.

Frederic waved his hand impatiently.

"Enough! Words of thanks give me no pleasure."

The King had already turned to retrace his steps, when suddenly he again faced the happy soldier.

"Piter Gelder, can you sing any Dutch *Volksliedes*?"

"Yes, sire."

"Do you know one ending with the words 'When we meet again, we shall be old and cold'?"

"Yes, sire."

"Sing it."

"Sire, my voice is rough and untrained."

With a trembling but by no means unmusical voice the soldier obeyed the royal command; and the King, with bent head and half-averted face, listened again to the melody of the song which had so deeply moved him forty years before.

With the last notes Piter looked up deprecatingly and half fearfully, and was amazed to see the change which had come over the features usually so haughty and stern; they were now soft, tender, and dreamy as those of the youth who had first listened to the plaintive words nearly half a century before in Holland.

"Where did you learn the song, Piter?"

"From my mother, sire. It was taught her by her grandmother, who composed it."

"Tell me your mother's history."

"Sire, she was born in Holland, where her mother kept an inn——"

"Was her name Van Tann?"

"Yes, sire—Greta Van Tann. She lived at the inn until she married my father, with whom she was afterwards very unhappy"

"Why did she marry him?"

"Sire, it was to please her mother. My father was supposed to be very rich, and my grandmother had been unfortunate, and lost nearly all she possessed. For several years my mother refused all offers of marriage, she could not forget a travelling musician who came once to the inn, and never cared for any one else.

"At last she sacrified herself for her mother's sake; but it was afterwards discovered that my father was not rich, as he had represented, besides which he drank immoderately, and ill-treated my poor mother shamefully.

"Finally he died, and was followed in the same year by my three brothers. My mother has worked hard ever since for her support, and, until she lost her health, was very comfortable. That, sire, is all there is to tell."

"Very well. To-morrow you shall hear from me, Piter Gelder."

The soldier was left in a half-stupified state, wondering how soon he should awake from what could be nothing but a fantastic dream.

With wide-opened eyes he gazed after the departing monarch slowly disappearing in the direction of the Palace, who walked with his head bent low and his hands clasped behind his back, while upon his softened melancholy face was still visible the strange transformation which the memories awakened by a simple strain of music had wrought. Piter could not see that his lips were moving, and the mournful words they formed were merely a breath floating away and lost on the perfumed air, "When we meet again, we shall be old and cold—old and cold."

The next day Piter Gelder was handed two papers sealed with the royal seal. The first contained his leave of absence for a month, the second was the deed of a fine farm on the borders of Halland, with the words written beneath—"To the heirs of Mutter van Tann, in payment for a venison *ragout*.—FREDERIC."

The Missing Sermon.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

"MY dear," said Mr. Crucible, "it is actually gone."

"It can't be, my dear," said Mrs. Crucible. "The thing is impossible."

They were talking of Mr. Crucible's sermon, which, having been completed late on Saturday night, had been left on the desk, as usual, to be ready to his hand at church-time on Sunday.

Mr. Crucible was a very exact man, and remembered precisely where he put the little pile of sheets fastened together at the top, and what he had afterwards done.

"Just here, my dear," he said to Mrs. Crucible, "on the left hand side, and my pen in the little rack, and the wiper over against it. Then I crossed the room, locked the door, undressed, and went to bed. The door is locked still, Katherine. See!"

"Then no one can have entered the room," said Mrs. Crucible, "and the sermon must be safe. Of that I feel sure."

After this the good couple made a search of which any detective might have been proud, but which failed to discover the sermon.

And, as the church bells began to ring, Mr. Crucible hurried towards church, in undignified haste, with one of his old sermons in his pocket, and a look of dismay and perplexity, quite unusual to him, upon his face; while Mrs. Crucible, who had stayed behind to make another search, absolutely reached her pew after the first hymn was begun.

The sermon was one on which Mr. Crucible prided himself.

Someone in the congregation had professed to doubt the existence of Satan as an individual, and in this sermon Mr. Crucible had clearly proved his identity, and had spoken of him as he certainly deserved.

All the week he looked in vain for the manuscript, and at last, making sure that he never could find it, wrote another from the same text and conveying the same ideas.

It was, he considered, even better than the first; and having come to this satisfactory conclusion, he patted the sheets into a little pile, fastened them together, rolled them up and wrapped about them a little elastic band, after which he placed it in a prominent position on the desk, and retired, falling asleep at once, and as usual sleeping heavily all night.

The morning sun shining through his window awoke him to the realization of the fact that a new Sabbath had begun, and that he had a little overslept himself.

With the first gleam of memory the last Sunday occurred to his mind.

"I can't tell you how mortified I was by the loss of that sermon, my dear," he said to Mrs. Crucible, as he tied his cravat. "What could I have done with it? I took great care last night that the same thing should not occur again. I laid it where—Hallo! you've put it away, haven't you Katherine?"

"Put what away?" asked Mrs. Crucible.

"My last night's sermon," said Mr. Crucible. "It laid just here. It was fastened with an elastic band. Come, my dear, don't tease me. It's very well to joke, but—you've hidden it, haven't you?"

"How can you suppose such a thing?" said Mrs. Crucible. "I've neither seen nor touched the sermon."

And again a search began; again it was fruitless.

The doors were locked; the windows could not be entered from without.

Neither monkey nor magpie was upon the premises; but the second sermon had followed the first.

Again Mr. Crucible preached an old sermon—again Mrs. Crucible was late at church again the week was filled with conjecture again on Saturday night Mr. Crucible wrote a still more earnest sermon on the same text, painting Satan even blacker than before; and this time locking the manuscript in a drawer when completed, and, to cut a long story short, a third time the sermon vanished—this time from a locked desk, in a locked room, in which he himself slumbered.

The third old sermon was preached, and poor Mr. Crucible was nearly in a fever, until, sitting alone one evening in the twilight, the truth dawned upon him.

This was Satan's work.

The sermons had been written with a view to showing how terrible Satan was, how subtly he gained power over the human heart, and how one should guard against him.

Perhaps they were the best sermons ever written on the subject, and Satan had resolved that they should never be preached.

The more Mr. Crucible thought of this theory, the more he felt assured of its truth.

What agency had been used he did not know, but it was Satan's work, and if Satan troubled Martin Luther by cracking nuts in his room, why should he not bestir to steal Calvin Crucible's sermons.

He communicated his fancy to Mrs. Crucible, who accepted it as a fact at once, and then sat down to write on the same subject, even more fiercely and earnestly than before.

It was a thrilling sermon that he at last completed.

And he did not lay it on his desk.

Instead, he bound it together, and slipped it under his pillow.

"My head shall rest upon it to-night," he said. "I will preach it on Sunday, despite all that Satan can do. If he takes it, he shall have to wrestle for it with me."

And both Mr. and Mrs. Crucible lay wide awake until two o'clock in the morning, in consequence of this determination.

At this late hour, however, they fell asleep.

The first thing Mr. Crucible did, when he awoke in the morning, was to slip his hand under his pillow.

The sermon was gone, and he gave a loud cry that awoke Mrs. Crucible in a terrible fright.

"It is gone again, my dear," was all that the poor man could say. "It is gone again."

"Then it actually is Satan," said Mrs. Crucible.

Matters had now become serious.

Mr. Crucible felt that he could not keep the story to himself any longer.

He could not go on preaching old sermons without explanation.

This once, indeed, he must, for there were the church doors open, and he was not an extemporaneous speaker.

Accordingly he proceeded to the old hair-trunk, a legacy from his great-grandfather, and opening it, looked in, fully expecting to see within the piles of folded sermons which had been gradually accumulating for years.

To his astonishment and horror the trunk was empty.

Nothing remained in it but that mysterious dust which is always seen after the removal of the cleanest books or papers from any receptacle.

That day Mrs. Crucible did not go to church at all and Mr. Crucible preached as well as he could from a few hasty notes made while the first hymns were being sung.

Afterwards he communicated the facts we have narrated to a couple of old friends as well as members of his flock, who refused to believe Satan the robber, and so firmly insisted that human hands did the work that Mr. Crucible actually grew angry at them.

He explained over and over again that the sermons were specially directed against Satan and all his work, and that it was no more than likely that the adversary desired to put an end to his crusade against him; but all that Mr. Smith would say was—

"Well, well, no doubt he has a hand in most of the wicked things that are done, but he has worked through human agents. You'll find it's that girl of yours, or that man who does odd jobs. I never liked his looks. You are not a spiritualist, I hope, Mr. Crucible?"

"No, no. I abhor their doctrine," cried Mr. Crucible; "but I do believe, as you know, in a personal Satan; and Martin Luther, you know——"

"Yes, I know," said brother Brown, who had not yet spoken; "but somehow it was different with Martin Luther, wasn't it?"

"I really can't see why," said Mr. Crucible, indignantly.

Then Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith consulted together, and formed a plan.

On the following Saturday night a new sermon was to be left upon the pastor's desk, and he was to pretend to retire as usual, having beforehand secreted, in the study which opened out of the bedroom, and had no other door, Messrs Brown and Smith, who, sheltered in a long wardrobe, could burst out upon the culprit and secure him.

Of course, Mr. Crucible was only to pretend to sleep, and Mrs. Crucible had determined to keep vigil in another room.

Accordingly, prayers having been said on the night in question, the house was locked up, and the servants sent to bed.

The Crucibles then feigned to retire, but Mrs. Crucible merely locked herself into the spare bedroom, and Mr. Crucible lay down in his dressing-gown and slippers, fully determined to remain wide awake.

There is nothing more likely to lull even a constitutionally wakeful person to repose than such a resolution, and Mr. Crucible was far from being constitutionally wakeful.

After lying for a few moments watching the streaks of moonlight on the walls, and secretly hoping that Brown and Smith would that night see enough of Satan to convince them of his personality, his eyes closed and he began to snore.

Five minutes afterwards, Brown, peeping out of the wardrobe, pinched Smith, and Smith pinched Brown.

"Something coming," said Smith.

And at that moment both saw a strange figure with a pointed cap upon his head and singular drapery about its person, creep into the room, go to the desk and feel about it.

Then there was a rustle of manuscript, and the figure glided out of the room.

"He's got it," said Brown, "and hanged if Crucible isn't right. It is the old boy himself, or I'm a sinner."

"Stop talking and come along," whispered Smith, as he grasped a dark lantern with which he had provided himself.

Then they sped after the departing figure, who crossed the clergyman's bedroom and unlocked the door.

"Mr Crucible," whispered Smith, as they passed the bed.

But there was no answer.

The shadowy figure sped downstairs, and they followed.

On the landing the door of the spare bedroom opened, and out rushed Mrs. Crucible, wrapped from the chilliness of midnight vigil, in a shawl.

Brown seized her hand.

"Don't be frightened, Mrs. Crucible," he whispered.

"I can't help it, Mr. Brown. What an awful-looking thing! Where is poor Mr. Crucible?"

"Asleep, I think," said Brown.

On they crept,

"It's going down into the cellar," said Mrs. Crucible.

And Smith was already on the cellar-stairs with a lantern, down which the object of interest in ghostly drapery slowly went.

"Supposing he should do something dreadful to us," said Mrs. Crucible.

But she had not the courage to return alone.

They were now in the cellar, cold and damp, and Smith was keeping a sharp eye on the figure before them—Satan or other, as it might be.

It had crossed the stone floor, and now bent over some empty flour barrels, and at that instant, Smith, close on its heels, turned the light of the lantern full upon it, and revealed neither ghost nor Satan, but a living mortal.

No other than Mr. Crucible himself, draped in a white counterpane, wearing a tasseled nightcap upon his head, and wrapped in the strange, open-eyed slumber of the somnambulist.

"Oh!" shrieked Mrs. Crucible. "Oh, what is it? What does it mean?"

"Mr. Crucible has taken to walking in his sleep, and has hidden his own sermons," replied Smith.

Then Brown desired to shake Mr. Crucible awake.

But Smith, with better sense, suggested that he should be allowed to return to his pillow undisturbed, which he accordingly did.

The next morning Mr. Crucible was convinced of what had happened only by the sight of the sermons in an old barrel, and he has since written a pamphlet to prove that somnambulism has a diabolical origin.

Her Reception.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

"I AM sixteen," said Alexia Ardell, resolutely, "and I was put into long dresses last month, and I've a right to come down into the parlor and see company on New Year's day! And I am sure that papa would let me, if he was here now, and I will!"

Alexia stood in the middle of the floor, with her fluffy golden hair falling over her eyes, her cheeks glowing a mild pink and her whole person indicative of resolve and determination.

Mrs. Ardell looked at her in despair.

The two Misses Scarlett, her daughters by a former marriage, and Alexia's not particularly beloved step-sisters, sat as stiff and prim as two carved marble images.

"Alexia's temper" was proverbial in the family, and these very proper and precisely behaved young women were wont to affect the greatest dismay at its vehement gusts.

"Alexia," said Mrs. Ardell, solemnly, "in your dear papa's absence, it is my duty to enforce his precepts and carry out his discipline. You are a great deal too young to receive visitors on New Year's Day, like Verena and Ermengarde. You are to go back to boarding school to-morrow."

"But," cried Alexia, in great dismay, "my holidays do not expire until Wednesday!"

"That is very true," said Mrs. Ardell, compressing her thin lips to a mere slit; "consequently you see how far you have abridged your own period of recreation by your ungovernable will."

Alexia, forgetting all about sixteen years and the long dresses, burst into loud weeping.

"Pray, Alexia, don't be so silly," said Verena.

"One would think," tartly spoke up Ermengarde, "that you were a child of ten years old. Of course, it's all for your own good——"

"My own fiddlesticks!" irreverently interrupted Alexia, as she fled from the apartment in floods of undignified tears.

But numbers are certain to conquer in the long run, and so Judge Ardell's daughter was packed remorselessly off to boarding school, and Mrs. Ardell's two girls returned to their consultations with the dressmaker for the grand gala-day of the year.

Verena, a pallid blonde, with cold, watery blue eyes, and colorless flaxen hair, was to wear blue damask, embroidered around the skirt in palm-leaves of seed-pearls.

Ermengarde, who had a little more bloom, and ventured to call herself a brunette, had chosen pink satin, with cloud-like draperies of black lace; while the matron herself, no bad exemplification of the poet's idea of "fat, fair and forty," was to wear ruby velvet, richly trimmed with *point-applique* lace, and a diamond cross, which, in the absence of her husband, she had hired from an accommodating jeweler for this occasion.

While Alexia—poor broken-hearted child—was sent ruthlessly to the station, where Miss Gardiner, the governess, was telegraphed to meet her.

But Miss Gardiner, as it chanced, did not receive the message in time, and was not there; but Mr. Herbert Helullyn was there.

Alexia knew him very well.

She had seen him once at her step-mother's.

He owned a stone house fronting on the park, and a place near Lake George, called Helullyn Hall.

He drove a pair of superb high-stepping horses, and owned a private picture gallery.

Ermengarde Scarlett had selected him as the especial target for the arrows of her hazel eyes this season.

Mr. Helullyn had recognised Alexia at once.

"Miss Scarlett's little sister, isn't it?" he asked.

Alexia furtively whisked away her tears, and answered—

"Yes."

"Is anything the matter?" asked Mr. Helullyn. "Can I be of service? Pray command me, if—"

"If you could please take me home," said eager Alexia. "Very slyly, indeed, mind, because I have been sent back to boarding school before the holidays are out, just because Verena, Ermengarde, and mamma consider me too little to see company on New Year's Day."

"This is serious trouble indeed!" said Mr. Helullyn, laughing.

"Oh, it is indeed!" sighed Alexia. "I am sixteen, you know, and I should so like to be a young lady like Verena and Ermengarde!

"But you see," returning to the subject, "Miss Gardner is not here to receive me, and if you would please take me back in your carriage, I could creep in the area gate, and perhaps—perhaps I shall be 'at home' on New Year's Day after all.

"But," her large dark eyes suddenly blazing into indignation, "you are laughing at me!"

"Not laughing at you, Miss Ardell," he hastened to explain, "only laughing with you!"

"Miss Ardell!"

Alexia's heart leaped at this first delicious tribute to her young ladyhood.

She felt prouder still when Mr. Helullyn helped her into his carriage and they drove away.

"Leave me at the corner of the street, please," said Alexia. "It would never do

for mamma and the girls to see me in your carriage! And Ermengarde would be so vexed!"

And the wild little gipsy stole in at the area gate, and bribed the cook with a kiss and a string of amber beads, not to betray her surreptitious re-entrance into the family circle, while Mr. Helullyn went home to wonder what there was so fascinating in Alexia Ardell's round, dimpled face and liquid dark eyes.

"A child, indeed!" he said to himself. "She is a woman, and a dangerously lovely woman, too, only she doesn't know it! Eyes like pools of deep garnet brown; hair all glistening like tangles of sunshine. Little Alexia, if you could only see yourself as others see you, you might be tempted to be vain!

"I shall make a point of calling at Judge Ardell's house on New Year's Day, and if Miss Alexia is not there, I shall certainly inquire for her!"

The pink satin dress vindicated Mme. Chaussa's fame as an artistic dressmaker; the blue damask came home in time to be tried on and pronounced "perfect," on Saturday night.

On Monday, the Misses Scarlett dressed themselves with judicious care, and many lavings with rose-water and cautious applications of pearl-cream and blush-pink.

The drawing-rooms, decorated with hot-house flowers, and illuminated, not with vulgar gas, but with the white lustre of many wax candles in myriad-branched candelabra, had been personally inspected by Mrs. Ardell before she went to make her toilette, and the little room at the back, where the judge ordinarily kept his boots and overcoats, and Turkish pipes, had been transformed into a garlanded bower, where faint lights glowed through shades of Nile-green grass, and the most elegant and æsthetic refreshments were arranged in *cloisonnee* enamelled ware, trays of *repoussee* silver, and baskets of Dresden china.

And, just at the time when Ermengarde was saying to her sister, "How do I look, dear?" and Verena was twisting herself into the shape of a letter S, to see the back of her false puffs and plaitings in the mirror, little Alexia was enthusiastically tossing about the contents of an old cedar chest in the store-room, which contained the long-forgotten wardrobe of the first Mrs. Judge Ardell.

"Oh," she cried, "this is beautiful!"

And she unfolded a scented robe of long China crape, crimped like the shingly bars of the finest sea-sand, and embroidered in fantastic figures of scarlet silk.

"I'll wear this!"

"But it's so odd and old-fashioned, miss," said Louisa, the maid.

"That is the very charm of it," pronounced Alexia. "Oh, do make haste, Louisa, with my hair! Are you sure you can do it like the plate in the fashion-book?"

Mrs. Ardell was still arranging the folds of the point-lace over her shoulders, when Miss Verena rushed upstairs.

"Mamma, Ermengarde!" she cried, "who is the lady downstairs?"

"The lady downstairs?" repeated both mother and daughter in amazement.

"Receiving Mr. Helullyn in our drawing room!" cried breathless Verena. "In the loveliest dead-white dress, brocaded in scarlet silk, and long golden hair, braided, with antique Roman pearls."

"My dear," said Mrs. Ardell, "you must be crazy!"

And both she and Ermengarde hurried downstairs, just in time to see the beautiful young intruder courtesy a gracious greeting to two of the most aristocratic and exclusive of the *jeunesse doree* of New York.

"Ah!" said Alexia, with the utmost self-possession, "here is my mamma now, and my sisters. Don't move, Mr. Helullyn," she added in a lower tone. "I'm quite safe now. Mamma won't dare to scold me before company-"

And Mrs. Ardell and the Misses Scarlett were forced to digest their rage and mortification as best they could.

For Alexia outshone them as a real, crimson-hearted rose outshines the milliner's false presentment—as the diamond outshines the wretched paste ornament—and they knew it but too well.

But success excuses everything, and Mrs. Ardell could not but perceive that the quaint young beauty, in the antique dress, was emphatically a success.

"Alexia," she cried, when there was a temporary lull in the stream of visitors, "how dared you play us such a trick?"

"I did it for fun, mamma," said Alexia. "And if you scold me, I shall tell Mr. Helullyn. It was he that brought me back from the railway-station, and he is my friend!"

"I never heard anything so insolent in my life!" cried Ermengarde Scarlett, turning pale with anger.

"She ought to be locked up for a week on bread and water," said Verena passionately.

But Alexia only arched her eyebrows and smiled.

During that New Year's Day the child had bloomed out into a woman.

Alexia had discovered her own talisman of power.

They could none of them ever scold or tyrannise over her again.

She had no more fears of being sent back to boarding school.

But Miss Ermengarde Scarlett could hardly conceal her spite the next day when Mr. Helullyn came to ask Alexia out to drive, nor when bouquets, with cards attached, kept arriving for Alexia.

"Mamma," she said, "what is to be done?"

"Nothing, that I can see," said Mrs. Ardell drily. "The child can't help being a beauty, I suppose."

"She will have to go everywhere with us now," said Verena, plaintively.

"I tried my best to keep her back," said Mrs. Ardell; "but she has precipitated herself into society.

And pretty Alexia Ardell reigned the belle of the season, and in the spring Mr. Helullyn asked her father for her hand in marriage.

The Judge, honest man, stared in amazement.

"I—I thought it was Ermengarde you fancied!" said he. "I know she liked you!"

"I am too much honored," said Mr. Helullyn, without changing a feature; "but I have never aspired to that honor. It's Alexia, and Alexia only, that I love."

"Oh!" said the judge. "Well, suit yourself—suit yourself!"

And so, before she was quite seventeen, Alexia Ardell was married, and Ermengarde and Verena had the drawing-room all to themselves upon the next New Year's Day.

But they were not satisfied, after all. Some people never are satisfied.

Conquered at Last.

BY HARLEY RICHARDS.

"I HAVEN'T the least fear," said Major Delaford.

"Then you're a man of unbounded courage," retorted his friend, Mr. Ulysses Crinklethorpe. "For—may I venture to be frank?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly. By all means!"

"Well, then, they do say that Mrs. Flashington drove her first husband into his grave by her ungovernable temper."

"I've heard that before," said Major Delaford, puffing complacently away at his cigar.

"But of course"—with a little sarcastic laugh—"you don't believe it?"

"Excuse me," said Major Delaford, severely. "I do believe it. I have seen, now and then, an expression in Justina's eyes which fully carries out any theory of that nature."

"And yet you are going to marry her?"

"And yet I am going to marry her."

"Felix Delaford, are you crazy?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Will you be honest with me?"

"To be sure," nodded the major."

"Then why do you marry Mrs. Flashington?"

"Well, from a variety of reasons. One is, that I like her. She's a pretty little gipsy, with a skin like white velvet, and de. cious long lashes to her eyes."

"Proceed!"

"A second is—mind, now, I never did pretend to be one of the disinterested lovers one reads about in romances—that the dear departed Flashington left her remarkably well off. And I have more merit than money.

"I think you'll repent it," said Mr. Crinkleton, "for, by all accounts, the black-eyed divinity is neither more nor less than a virago."

"There are very few actions in this world that one doesn't repent, in a greater or less degree," said Major Delaford, sententiously. "But, averaging all things, I'm willing to risk it."

And Major Delaford was married, the next week, to Mrs. Flashington.

It was not long, as Mr. Crinklethorpe had foretold, before the claw began to peep from under Mrs. Flashington Delaford's velvet sheath.

"Felix," said she, one day, "I don't like this location."

"Don't you, my dear?" said Major Delaford. "I've lived here two-and-thirty years, and always found it very pleasant."

"I don't like it," said Mrs. Delaford. "I prefer a house nearer the Park."

Major Delaford went on reading.

"Felix, I say!"

The bride's voice was raised a degree or so higher.

The dangerous sparks had come into her eyes.

"Yes, Judy."

"I mean to move nearer town."

"Do you?"

"And at once."

"Very well," said the major, "then you will move alone. I shall remain where I am."

"Major Delaford, you are a brute!"

The major bowed.

Justina burst into tears.

"Yes, a brute, and I'm sorry I ever married you!"

And after that Mrs. Delaford did not speak to her husband for two days.

"Look here, Judy, this won't do," said the major, at the week's end. "I don't fancy either a dumb woman or a fury!"

"That I should live to be so spoken to!" whimpered Mrs. Delaford.

"So," went on the major, "I have written to my cousin, Rosamond Bly, to come and spend the summer here."

"I won't have her in my house!" shrieked the bride.

"But I will have her in mine," composedly retorted the husband.

"Let me see her presume to enter this house!" cried Justina.

"Let me see you presume to be uncivil to her," said the major, knitting his brows in a way that Mrs. Delaford had never seen in her late husband's countenance.

For, to tell the truth, the late Mr. Judah Flashington had been but a chicken-hearted individual at best.

Mrs. Delaford flounced out of the room and banged the door viciously behind her. Miss Bly arrived the next day, a cherry-cheeked, bright-eyed girl, with lips wreathed in smiles, and a brand-new travelling suit cut after a deal prettier pattern than the bride's own.

Mrs. Delaford refused to speak to her.

"Justina," said her husband, in a warning voice, "this is my cousin, Rosamond. I hope you will make her welcome to our home."

But Mrs. Delaford only threw a slipper at her husband, burst into tears, and ran hysterically upstairs.

"Oh, Felix, what's the matter?" asked Rosamond, half frightened out of her senses: "Had I better go home?"

"By no means, my dear Rosamond," said the major. "You see I have married a woman with a temper. But she'll be all the more charming when that fault is rooted out of her character."

The major went upstairs and tried to open the door.

It was locked.

"Justina," he said, gently, "it is I. Let me in."

"I won't," snapped the bride.

"Will you come downstairs, then?"

"I will not come out of my room until that woman is out of the house," sputtered forth Mrs. Delaford.

"Very well, my dear," said the major.

And he returned to the drawing-room with unruffled philosophy.

Mrs. Delaford adhered to her resolution, although it was much tried by the peculiar sounds she heard on the outside of the door.

"Major Delaford has carpenters at work altering the house," thought she. "It makes but little difference to me in any case. I shan't stay here."

At the end of the third day she concluded to go downstairs.

But when she opened the door, lo, and behold! her egress was barred by a grated wooden door.

"Mercy upon us!" cried Mrs. Delaford, "what is this?"

"Please, ma'am," said the maid who had brought her up her meals, "it's master as had it done."

"What for?" screamed Justina.

"Please ma'am," said Hetty, trembling all over, "don't you know you're crazy?"

"Insolent minion," said Mrs. Delaford, "call your master at once."

Major Delaford came immediately upstairs, with Rosamond Bly clinging in a frightened sort of way to his arm.

"How do you feel now, my dear?" he asked solicitously.

"Mad. Very mad, indeed!" said Major Delaford, in a low voice, turning to Rosamond.

"Ruffian!" cried the bride, "how dare you speak so?"

"Getting violent," added the major, shaking his head.

"Let me out, I say!" persisted Mrs. Delaford, rattling at the bars. "What does this absurd mummery mean?"

"Perhaps a straight waistcoat would be advisable," said the major. "But as long as she remains tolerably manageable, I shall not send her to an asylum."

Mrs. Delaford began to cry.

"Oh, Felix, how can you talk so?" sobbed she. "I am as sane as you are."

"Poor thing," murmured the major, compassionately. "The hardest part of insanity must be when one becomes partially conscious of its deadly doom."

Mrs. Delaford shut the door rather vehemently, and began to cry hysterically.

"I am not mad," said she. "I won't be made a madwoman of."

But how to help herself? That was the question. The door was barred effectually.

The windows opened upon the dead wall of a neighboring house, and were three stories above ground.

She might have shrieked herself hoarse in that direction before anyone could hear her.

She sat down to think. What should she do? What was to become of her?

Did that dreadful hint of Felix's concerning the asylum really mean anything?

Her face was white with fear.

For once in her life the late Mrs. Flashington was actually frightened.

"Has my temper been so bad," she asked herself, "that people mistake it for—I can scarcely breathe the word—insanity."

It was a new idea.

She pondered it carefully, and cried bitterly over it.

When Hetty came, as usual, with the napkin-covered tray, Mrs. Delaford's face was pale and tear-swollen.

"Hetty," said she, "will you ask your master to step up here for a few minutes?"

Major Delaford obeyed the summons at once.

"Well, my love," said he, "what is it?"

"Felix," said Mrs. Delaford, bursting into fresh tears, I—I have acted very foolishly. I beg your pardon. And I beg Rosamond's pardon, too."

Major Delaford opened the grated door at once.

Justina flew into his arms—and then and there was a reconciliation after the most approved style.

Mrs. Delaford was as sweet as a June morning after that—and if ever she manifested symptoms of a relapse, all that Major Delaford found necessary was to allude, in a general way, to lunatics and asylums.

And Mr. Crinklethorpe never could imagine by what means this modern Petruchio tamed his dark-eyed shrew, and broke a violent woman's temper.

HYGIENIC pillows are now in vogue.

BAFFLED!

One of the Most Unaccountable and Dangerous of Recent Deceits Discovered and exposed.

There is some mysterious trouble that is attacking nearly everyone in the land with more or less violence. It seems to steal into the body like a thief in the night. Doctors cannot diagnose it. Scientists are puzzled by its symptoms. It is, indeed, a modern mystery. Like those severe and vague maladies that attack horses and prostrate nearly all the animals in the land, this subtle trouble seems to menace mankind. Many of its victims have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A strange sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation is felt at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes grow sunken, the hands and feet feel clammy at one time, and burn intensely at others. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greyish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. He becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a peculiar whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive, and then, again, outflux intensely; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood grows thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is often attended with palpitation of the heart. The vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of prostration and great weakness. Most of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population have this disorder in some of its varied forms, while medical men have almost wholly mistaken its nature. Some have treated it for one complaint, some for another, but nearly all have failed to reach the seat of the disorder. Indeed, many physicians are afflicted with it themselves. The experience of Dr. A. G. Richards residing at No. 468 Tremont street, Boston, is thus described by himself:

"I had all those peculiar and painful symptoms which I have found afflicting so many of my patients, and which had so often baffled me. I knew all the commonly established remedies would be unavailing for I had tried them often in the past. I therefore determined to strike out in a new path. To my intense satisfaction I found that I was improving. The dull, stupid feeling departed and I began to enjoy life once more. My appetite returned. My sleep was refreshing. The color of my face which had been a sickly yellow gradually assumed the pink tinge of health. In the course of three weeks I felt like a new man and know that it was wholly owing to the wonderful efficacy of Warner's Tippecanoe The Best, which was all the medicine I took."

Doctors and scientists often exhaust their skill and the patient dies. They try everything that has been used by, or is known to, the profession, and then fail. Even if they save the life it is often after great and prolonged agony. Where all this can be avoided by precaution and care, how insane a thing it is to endure such suffering! With a pure and palatable preparation within reach, to neglect its use is simply inexcusable.

NAMES THAT MISLEAD.—Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron. Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass, it is nothing but strips of palm leaf. Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy, the greater part of it is resin and palm-oil. Catgut is made from the entrails of sheep. Cuttle bone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once enclosed in the fossil remains of extinct specimens of cuttle-fish. German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver.

Cleopatra's Needle was not erected by the Egyptian queen; nor in her honor. Pompey's pillar has no historical connection with Pompey in any way. Sealing-wax does not contain a particle of wax, but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac, and cinnabar. The tube-rose is no rose, but a species of polyanth. The strawberry is no berry, but only a succulent receptacle. Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths but heated chambers. Whale-bone is not bone, and is said not to possess a single property of bone.

HAY FEVER.—Scotch snuff is now given as a cure for hay fever by a Londoner, who asserts that he has cured himself of catarrh and hay fever by taking a pinch of strong Scotch snuff whenever the sneezing was violent, and by taking the snuff before the attack made its appearance in the spring. He followed this course for two seasons, and now, for more than six years, has not had an attack of either sneezing or hay asthma.

A PITTSBURG girl who had refused a good-looking telegraph repair man three times within six months gave as a reason that he was too much of a wanderer; that he roamed from pole to pole, from one climb to another, and, if he did come home, he'd be insane that the neighbors would be sure to take.

Our Young Folks.

THE FOX KETTLE.

BY FRANK ABELL.

ON the beautiful shores of the Bay of Odawarra, in Japan, there lived, many years ago, a young couple.

The man was out with the boats fishing for the greater part of the week, whilst his wife strove to make some little addition to their precarious income by the sale of fruits and sweetmeats to travellers.

The fisherman was an honest, sober, hard-working fellow enough, but he had one great fault, and this was a rooted disrespect for the gods of the country; and no amount of persuasion on the part of his wife, or remonstrance on the part of his neighbors, or argument on the part of his priest, could convince him that the deities were anything else than—to translate exactly the Japanese expression—"arrant humbugs."

"What good are they to us?" he would say to his wife; "I may kneel until my legs are sore, I may pray until my voice is hoarse, but for all that the gods don't send the fish into my nets, and I don't see that we get any thing the better off for all my devotions."

His wife, who was a soft-speaking, gentle-minded woman, always reproached him for the contempt with which he treated the gods, and would answer, "Nay, Kikuchi, we have health and strength, and surely they are far more worth than all the riches of the world."

They were sitting one evening over the charcoal brazier, the children were playing on the beach outside, and the kettle was boiling merrily.

Suddenly the charcoal snifled, the kettle overturned, scalded the woman's hand, and put out the fire.

Kikuchi, who had met with but poor sport during the day, and who was not in the best of humors, broke out into a towering passion, seized the kettle, and flung it out on to the beach.

"Ever since I bought this horrid thing," he cried, "it has done nothing but give us trouble, so there it goes, and we'll get a new one," and he ran out and kicked the kettle angrily about until it disappeared in the waves.

When he returned he found his wife in an agony of tears.

"What is the matter, O Hana?" he asked.

O Hana did not reply, but merely poluted to a dark corner of the room.

Kikuchi looked and saw a large fox staring at him with his red, sparkling eyes.

Seizing a wooden wine measure, he hurled it at the intruder, but the animal was too quick, and the missile crashed through the paper window into the street.

"O Kikuchi! Kikuchi! what have you done!" cried O Hana. "You've driven Kitsune away!"

(Here, it should be explained that the fox is held in universal reverence by the Japanese people. The god Inari, patron of rice, fish, and daily food, is especially fond of assuming the guise of a fox, and his appearance is looked upon, according to circumstances, as a good or evil omen.)

"Well! what do I care?" retorted Kikuchi, gulping down a cup of wine. "What do I care for an ugly, red-eyed, prying fox? You believe he's a god, but I know better, and I only wish the thing had hit him."

But O Hana was very sorrowful for the rest of the evening, and retired to bed with her children earlier than usual.

That night Kikuchi had a terrible dream. The kettle appeared in a flame of fire, and out of the spout was a huge fox brush. It remained at the foot of his quilt all the night, and seemed to glare at him with a couple of large red eyes.

He could not get rid of the apparition, try as he might, and when morning dawned he was worn and irritable with the loss of his night's rest.

During the next day his eldest boy, a bouncing youngster of seven, sickened.

The doctor was called in.

He examined the patient's eyelids, and asked, "Have you been quarrelling lately?"

Both husband and wife, answered, "No."

"Have you been drinking too much?"

"No."

"Have you been blaspheming?"

Kikuchi with a blush answered, "No."

"Has anything out of the way happened lately?"

"Nothing in particular," said Kikuchi, "I was in a bit of a temper last evening with my old kettle, and kicked it away."

"Kicked a kettle away!" said the doctor; "that is a bad thing to do, for Inari is very fond of kettles. I thought that the child must have a devil, so if he takes a little Furidashi, and these twelve pills every half-hour with hot water, he will get over it."

The anxious parents tried the Furidashi and the pills, but with no beneficial effect, for the poor little fellow grew worse and worse.

The last remedy was tried—the swallowing of the holy picture worn round every child's neck, dissolved in hot water; but with no success, for he died.

Still Kikuchi was not convinced that he had done wrong, but cast most terrible curses on the gods in general and at Kitsune in particular, in the worst manner.

The weird apparition still haunted him at nights, his fishing produced nothing, no travellers stopped to buy O Hana's fruit, and everything went to rack and ruin.

Then O Hana resolved that she would go to the shrine of Inari on the hillside.

So, when the morn rose behind the tall, black pine trees, she crept softly away unobserved by her husband, and knelt at the shrine of the god.

"O Kitsune!" she said, with the tears streaming from her eyes, "I am in great distress. Help me!"

A blaze of light appeared in the shrine, and in the midst of it she saw the great fox god.

He looked at her for a moment with kindling eyes, merely said, "Find the kettle," and disappeared.

As she descended the rough path, she saw a red glare in the heavens.

A terrible thought came across her mind, and, alas! when she arrived at the village she beheld her house in flames, Kikuchi and her children standing outside with the few articles they had been able to save, and in the midst of the flames was the fox, crying out, "The kettle! The kettle!"

Kind neighbors sheltered the homeless family for the night.

O Hana told Kikuchi all she had seen, and was glad to see that he was an altered man.

Early the next day they set forth to search for the kettle.

Along the shore, through the village, on the high road, even to the great town they went, and at last in an old iron shop they found the kettle, much battered and bruised.

Tenderly they wrapped it up and carried it back to the village; there they polished it, mended up the holes which had been made in its sides, and together they went to the shrine of Inari.

The god appeared as he had appeared to O Hana, and in terrible tones he said, "Kikuchi, learn from this lesson never to mock at the gods; go, and sin no more."

And Kikuchi mended his ways, religiously kept the kettle clean and burnished, paid his devotions twice a day at the shrine of Inari, and was rewarded by continual happiness and prosperity.

REYNARD'S DILEMMA.—Frost and snow! frost and snow! a regular winter night," said Reynard, peeping out of his den:

"Snow, snow, where shall I go
To find a meal, I should like to know?"

But the snow could not answer; it could only lie shimmering upon the ground, dazzling his eyes and covering the footpaths.

And Reynard knew that if he went out he should leave his footprints.

"And then," said he, "I shall be tracked to my den, which has been tolerably safe so far, though I don't now how long it may be so now there's a pack of hounds come into the neighborhood."

And Reynard laid himself down again on his bed and put his nose between his paws, and made himself as comfortable as he could.

But he felt terrible hungry; he had been unsuccessful in his expeditions the day before, and even the miserable young chicken he had seized by the throat he was compelled to leave, as Farmer Hodge hearing the scuffle came out with his dog, and Reynard had to scamper off as fast as he could go.

The hen-roosts at all the farms were well secured and guarded at the present time, for Reynard had stolen so many fowls of late, that the farmers were using every effort to capture the thief.

Many traps had they laid, but so far Reynard had escaped them all: still he had suspicion on every side.

"I must go out and forage," said Reynard at last; "I can bear this gnawing hunger no longer! It is getting dark, and I may stand a chance of a stray hen or a half-frozen goose or pigeon."

And he set off, looking carefully around him, and starting even at his own shadow. He made his way towards a farmhouse, where a light sparkled in the window.

"Ah," he mused, "doubtless a couple of fowls are roasting, and they grudge me even a bone."

"Ha!" exclaimed Reynard, pausing suddenly before a dark object on the white ground.

"It is—no—yes—yes, it is a young rabbit," said he as he drew nearer, "and a very fine one. I am fortunate at last. Frozen to death, no doubt; but none the worse for that."

And with a sigh of relief he sat down in front of the prize. Yes, there extended on the ground was a fine fat rabbit. He gazed at it admiringly; but as he gazed he became aware of a black bar on either side. What were the bars doing there?

Hunger said, "Take the rabbit."

Prudence said, "Look well first."

Hunger said, "You are not likely to have such a chance again. Eat while you can."

But Prudence whispered, "There's something queer about those bars."

And Reynard sat gazing at the rabbit, his mouth watering and the voice of Hunger calling ever louder and louder.

"If the bars were not there," said Reynard; as he got up slowly and sadly.

"No," said he, "unless there were some mischief intended, that rabbit would not be laid out so carefully. I have none too many friends anxious to do me a good turn in these parts. I must bear with my hunger a little longer; but it's better than running the risk of my head."

In the morning the footprints of the fox were found around the trap, but the rabbit was still there.

"Ah," said the farmer, shaking his head, "Reynard's a cunning fellow, he's too old a bird to be caught with chaff."

THE BANKER'S PRIDE.

BY EDMUND DOWNEY.

"OF course, I have not married him because I was in love with him," said May Harriott, with a light laugh.

She was sitting in a gold-and-dun colored boudoir, hung with silken fluted draperies, and carpeted in pale grey Aubusson, bordered with scarlet.

The windows were full of flowering plants—an exquisite statute of Hebe occupied a marble pedestal in the middle of the room, and the panels of the walls, filled in with mirrors, reflected the young bride's every motion a score of times.

Mrs. Harriott was dressed in a Watteau wrapper of rose-colored silk, which fell around her in pink clouds, pale Neapolitan corals, carved so delicately that a magnifying-glass would not have put them to the blush, hung from her delicate ears, and clasped the folds of tulle at her throat; diamonds glittered on her fingers, and the tiny handkerchief peeping from her pocket, was edged with lace that would have made a princess's ransom.

And May's face, all lilies and roses, with the glory of golden hair floating away from it, was a jewel well worth all the expensive setting.

Flora Field, her old schoolmate, sat opposite her, secretly envious of all this splendor, and wondering that May Haven was not more elated by this sudden promotion.

"Well, then," said she, "why did you marry him?"

"Because I was poor, and he was rich. Because I was tired of teaching, and he offered me all this."

And May glanced around upon the luxuries that surrounded her.

"Nobody could be foolish enough to suppose it was a love match said she. "He's over so much older than I am, and not at all my ideal. But I couldn't drudge on for ever at my profession, and I think I've made a lucky exchange."

"May, you are a heartless coquette," cried out Flora Field.

"No, I am not," said May, with a shake of the lovely golden curls. "You would do just the same thing yourself, Flora Field, if you had a chance, you know you would."

And as May laughed out a sweet, defiant chime, she did not know that her silly words had had another auditor than Flora Field that the door leading into the rich banker's study was ajar, and that he had heard every syllable she spoke.

It was quite true that Frederick Harriott was not a young man.

He had passed the Rubicon of middle age before he had allowed himself to fall in love and marry, and the flame burned all the deeper and more tender, in that the wood was mellowed by age.

He had looked upon May Haven as little less than an angel, and now——

"I should have known this before," he said to himself, with ashen-pale face and trembling limbs. "I should have divined that spring and autumn were unsuited. So, she has married me for my money."

"May," he said, that evening, "I have tickets for the opera to-night. Would you like to go?"

"No, I don' think I care about it," said May, listlessly.

"Then we will remain at home, and I will read you that new poem," suggested the husband.

"I am tired of poetry," pettishly retorted May. "I do wish you would leave me to enjoy myself in my own way once in a while."

"Do I bore you, May?" Frederick Harriott asked, with an inexplicable quiver in his voice.

"Awfully! I'm just in the midst of this delightful story, and I can't bear to be interrupted."

"Very well. The offence shall not be repeated," said Mr. Harriott, quietly.

After that a subtle and sudden change came over his whole life.

He was as courteous and attentive to his young wife as ever, but May felt that all the heart and soul were gone out of the little courtesies, the scrupulously-rendered attentions.

For a while she rather liked it.

It was a relief to feel that his eye was not always on her, his thoughts following her.

She could go where she pleased now, and he asked no questions.

She could employ her time to suit herself, and he had neither criticism nor comment to offer.

But gradually she began to realize that she had lost something which was not easily to be replaced.

May Harriott had regarded her husband's love as one of the fixed polar facts of her existence, and a cold chill crept over her heart when she fully perceived that it was somehow slipping away from her.

"Frederick," she said, one evening, sitting opposite to her husband, "have I offended you."

He glanced rapidly up from his book.

"Offended me, May? Why, what a ridiculous idea. Of course you haven't offended me."

"I—I thought your manner was somewhat different of late," faltered the young wife, bending her head closer over her embroidery.

"One can't keep on the honeymoon gloss for ever," said the banker, indifferently.

Life is full of antitheses, and love is the strangest complexity in life.

For, as May Harriott grew strengthened in the idea that her husband was ceasing to adore her after the old idolatrous fashion, she began to fall in love with the one she had married for money.

Frederick Harriott was not young, but he was in the prime of middle age.

He was not boyishly handsome like the wax heads May had seen in the barber's show windows, but he had the port and mein of a prince.

All women are prone to hero-worship, and our little May was no exception to the ordinary rule. For the first time in her life she was falling in love—and with her own husband.

A few weeks only had elapsed, when a crisis in the banking business rendered it imperatively necessary that Mr. Harriott should go to Vienna for two or three months.

Poor May looked aghast as her husband mentioned his intentions to her, in the same cool, matter-of-fact way in which he might have criticised the weather.

"Going to Vienna!" she gasped. "Oh, Frederick!"

"My dear child, it is a mere bagatelle of a journey. One doesn't mind travelling now-a-days. I shall not be later than November in returning."

"But—I may go with you?"

"You? My dear, don't think of it. My travel will necessarily be too rapid to think of encumbering myself with a lady companion. I must go and come with the greatest speed."

May said nothing more, but there was a blur before her eyes, a sickening sensation of despair at her heart.

He cared no more for the society which had been dear to him once.

Oh! what had she done to forfeit the love that had once been poured out so fondly on her life?

It was a rainy June twilight, when the banker, wrapt in a dreadnought coat, and with his travelling-cap pulled down over his eyes, paced up and down the deck of the steamer, heedless of all the tumult of weighing anchor.

Through the misty dusk he tried vainly to catch the ghostly outlines of the city spires—the city that held his young wife.

"She will be happy enough without me," he told himself, bitterly. "She has her mother and sister with her. She bade me adieu without a tear, and it may be that my continued absence will teach her to think less coldly of me. Dear little May—sweet spring blossom—my prayers may reach you, if my love cannot."

And, as the steamer ploughed her way onward, and the darkness deepened, Frederick Harriott went below.

To his infinite surprise, the state-room he had engaged for his own behalf and use was not empty. A lady sat there, with veiled face and drooping head.

Frederick Harriott paused in surprise—the figure rose up, and, throwing aside its veil, revealed the blue, starry eyes and pale cheeks of may herself.

"Oh, Frederick, pardon me," she sobbed, throwing herself into his arms: "that I could not let you go alone. I love you, Frederick. I cannot live without you. When I thought of your being alone, perhaps ill, in a strange land, I thought I should lose my senses. Dear husband, tell me that you are not angry with me."

And she burst into a flood of tears.

"My own May—my wife—my love! Close, close to my heart for evermore."

And that was all he said.

May Haven had married for money—May Harriott had learned the secret of love.

SOLOMON AND THE HOOPOES.—King Solomon, while journeying across the desert on one occasion, was fainting with heat, when a large flock of hoopoes came to his help, and flying between him and the sun, screened him from its fierce heat by their bodies and wings. The king, grateful for their assistance, asked the birds what they would have as a reward for their services.

After consulting among themselves, the birds told him that they would like to have a golden crown for every head.

Solomon, who was wiser than they, advised them not to ask for these golden crowns; but they insisted upon it, and he gave them their desire. Every hoopoe received a little crown of pure solid gold, which was put upon the head.

For a while they were very proud of their golden crowns. They looked with contempt on the less favored birds, and never came to a pond or river, or any other body of water, without stopping to look at the reflection of their beautiful crowns.

One day, however, a fowler happened to see one of those birds, and taking it in his net, discovered the value of the crown. The whole country soon became aroused, and from that hour there was no peace for the poor birds. Men and boys were watching for them, and setting snares for them all the time. At last, when their numbers were well thinned out, they became tired of these dangerous crowns, and sent a messenger to Solomon confessing their folly in not acting upon his advice, and asking him to take back the golden gifts which he had bestowed at their request.

Solomon took away the golden crowns, but wishing still to give them some mark of distinction, he put on the head of every hoopoe a crown of beautiful feathers, and once more they were happy.

Can our young readers tell the lesson of this fable?

A new coachman has been advised to be scrupulously polite toward his employer if he wishes to keep his place. Accordingly, when his master visits the stable the following conversation takes place: "Well, John, how are the horses this morning?" "Quite well, sir, thank you. And you?"

ONWARD.

BY J. C. MILLS.

Back! stand back from my pathway, I'll not be delayed,
There's a place to be toiled for, a part to be played;
And while Hope, like a star beaming clear in the night,
Shows Fame's wreath in the distance, I'll fight the good fight.

I will fight the good fight, though I'm wearied and maimed;
I will fight the good fight till the victory's claimed:
I will toil up the mountain side, ragged and bare,
While the rocks at its summit one green laurel wear.

What though thickly around one the clouds of grief soar;
What though in a deluge dread adversities pour:
While the mind that's within, is unsullied and free,
I will mount, as the Petrel mounts, o'er the dark sea.

I will mount as the Petrel, who flaps his glad wings,
And as storm rages wilder, exultingly sings:
Or I'll soar like the Albatross seeking no rest,
Till I'm worthy a home, with the good and the blest.

Fame were scarce worth the winning, if nothing but flowers
Were strewn o'er the pathway that leads to its bowers;
And oh! where were the spell and the charm in a name,
If to untoiling dreamer, as to worker, it came.

No, the darker the journey the brighter the goal,
Beams forth in refulgence, to cheer on the soul;
I will struggle with doubt, I will struggle with woe,
I will tread down despair, ever man's direst foe.

And onwards, right onward, all unflinching I'll press,
Despite sorrow's wailing, despite pleasure's caress;
As the moon rolling onward, refuses to stay,
For the o'erwhelming storm, or bright Milky-way;

Till before me impediments tremble and fly,
Like the clouds, by a hurricane, whirled through the sky
Or like snow, in an avalanche, poured down the steep,
When the sun, hotly throbbing, springs up from his sleep.

For the soul that is firm, and trusts ever in God,
Rising wiser and stronger, 'neath His chastening rod,
The mightiest barriers must sweep from its path,
As young David, through faith, slew the giant of Gath.

FABLED MONSTERS.

ST. GEORGE'S dragon was fifty feet long from the shoulders to the tail, its scales glistening like silver, and were hard as brass, but Livy's dragon was much larger, and so terrible that it stopped the march of the Roman army in Africa.

Diodorus saw one which was sixty feet long brought to Alexandria by a slave to please Ptolemy II. St. Michael's ragon, the monkish chronicle says, was larger than this.

In certain parts of the far East, which was ever rich with zoological fables, the dragon is unknown, but its place is supplied by fanciful creatures even more terrifying, and endowed with greater powers of wreaking destruction upon mankind.

The golden pages of the Arabian Nights have made us familiar with the great roc. There is a Persian drawing extant which depicts this fearful bird shaped like an eagle, flying through the air with an elephant in either claw and an ox in its beak.

Marco Polo says he saw a roc whose outstretched wings measured sixteen paces from tip to tip.

Not to be outdone by the latter, that adventurous Englishman, Sir John Mandeville, in his account of his trip around most of the then known world, relates that he beheld one in the Chinese seas, which was besides Polo's, about like a hawk to a sparrow.

El Wardee, the Persian, writes that upon an island, in an unnamed sea, there was in his time a roc's egg two hundred cubits high—a firm, white, glistening dome, almost large enough to serve as shelter for an army.

An island in the China Sea was marked out as the home of these great birds. Singularly enough the roc seems to have been forgotten for a thousand years, to in times quite recent again interpose its monstrous shape before the sun.

A book of travels published within 20 years, mentions that the fable yet lingers in parts of Persia, and on some of the islands of the Chinese seas.

The Greeks and Romans had a winged creature with the head of a woman, which alighted upon battlefields and feasted upon the flesh of the dead and dying. This was the harpy.

The morbid and starved imagination from which this fable sprang, was, it is not difficult to trace, the parent also of a flock of ghoulish creatures, such as the were-wolf human beings that devoured their kind, and the cynocephali, a creature with the body of a human and the head and appetite of a dog.

Marco Polo, who never failed to come in contact with all manner of wanderers in his travels, saw a cynocephali in the Island of Angamon.

His vivid description of it, perhaps, gave points to the circus manager who a few years ago coined a small fortune exhibiting a variety of ape, little known, as the cynocephalus of the ancients.

The cockatrice or basilisk was an interesting fancy. It would, perhaps, be more correct to say, since this beautiful bird, the fruit of an egg laid by a cock seven years old, is still believed to be a reality among some of the ignorant peasantry of Europe.

The cockatrice, says the fable, has the body of a lizard with a cock's head and wings, but, instead of the comb, a kingly crown adorns it.

The peculiarity whereon rests its fame, and in which poets and prose-writers without number have found a valuable comparison, was a beautiful eye, flashing like a jewel, with all the colors of the rainbow. To look upon it was to experience exquisite pleasure, which lasted only for an instant, for one glance of that eye killed any animate thing that it rested on.

Of all the fabled birds the most interesting was the phœnix. This is a beautiful legend, a yearning, it has been eloquently said, for a visible sign of immortality. St. Cyril wrote:

"God knows man's unbelief, and provides the phœnix as an emblem of the resurrection."

Clement said this bird goes to the land of Egypt once in five hundred years—not to the desert, but to a notable city to show forth the resurrection, that as the Lord was killed and rose again, so the phœnix immolates itself in a fire of hemlock boughs, and from its ashes comes a worm which straightway grows into the bird of golden plumage with a purple body.

The polished literature of the Latins from its birth until its immersion in the fogs of the Dark Ages, glows with the description of the phœnix as a reality. Pliny knew the bird well. The populace believed in it. The grave Manlius rose in the Senate to mourn the departure of a phœnix which had resided near his house for five hundred years.

Grains of Gold.

Court wisdom ardently.

A keen man is half a rogue.

A good example is the best sermon.

It is not how long, but how well, we live.

Do what you ought, let come what may.

To win, work and wait; but work more, and wait less.

Conviction of sin is the first step in the return to God.

Never make your ear the grave of another's good name.

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a fable.

The hours are a part of eternity, and their relation to it never ends.

Promises hold men faster than benefits; hope is a cable, and gratitude a thread.

Freedom from low necessities can only come by reaching after higher satisfaction.

There are but three classes of men—the retrograde, the stationary, and the progressive.

He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with both.

Those who think that to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly, make a great mistake.

It is one of those strange inconsistencies of human nature that men prefer to do good through that of justice.

It is a sign of wisdom to be willing to receive instruction; the most intelligent sometimes stand in need of it.

To find one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, or hope or fear.

A noble and attractive every-day bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement; and these are bred in years, not in moments.

Deal very gently with those who are on the down hill of life. Your own time is coming to be where they are now. You, too, are "stepping westward."

In all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of. Spend it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed.

Femininities.

We never know much we love until we try to enlove.

We have not always enough reason to employ all our strength.

London has three theatres managed by women. They are crowded nightly.

Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken; the full heart knows no rhetoric of words.

Women are said to make excellent "jurymen" in the Washington Territory courts.

The experiment of female ushers is shortly to be made at one of the New York theatres.

Women jump at conclusions, and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss.

Queen Victoria paid two hundred thousand dollars for a pearl necklace for her married daughter.

A woman is employed at Saratoga to advertise soap by sitting in a booth and exposing her clean, white skin.

According to a San Francisco journal, the removal of beards from ladies' faces has become a lucrative profession in that city.

The dwellings and farms of widows, minors, and spinsters are exempted from taxation in several States of the Mexican republic.

The horrible crime of mutilating women by cutting off their noses is so common in Bombay as to call for the most stringent repression.

The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative.

The bread of life is love, the salt of life is work, the sweetness of life is poesy, and the water of life faith. A true woman is a compound of them all.

A girl only seventeen years old was arrested in Boston a day or two ago for bigamy; and she admitted that she had two husbands, both living.

There should be, we think, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

A Louisville paper announces that a lady at Carenero, who is seventy-nine years old, and has been married only a few years, gave birth to a child, recently.

Not only charity but matrimony should begin at home, is the opinion of a Texas paper, which wants to know why so many young men of that place "go elsewhere for wives."

They were sitting on the porch of a Saratoga hotel. "Are you fond of works of art, Mr. Browne?" she asked. "Very," he replied, gazing at her with undisguised admiration.

A little girl, otherwise naturally formed, but covered with scales like those of a fish, is said to be living at San Angelo, Texas. The tale is lacking in only one thing to make it a respectable mermaid story.

"Promise me, dear husband," said young Mrs. Sheffington, affectionately, to her new hubby—"promise me never, in your darkest hours, ever to commit suicide. I am told it will vitiate your life insurance."

A San Francisco woman is suing a man for $10,000 damages, because, on the 21st of last month he promised to marry her within "a reasonable time," and has not yet said a word about fulfilling the agreement.

A mother, noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress-sleeve, asked her what her handkerchief was for. Said the little girl: "It's to shake at the ladies in the street. That's what papa does with his."

"Fifty young and good-looking women have sailed to New Caledonia to be married to well-behaved convicts," says a London paper. As it is leap year, and the prisoners can't escape, they will probably be successful.

The Bavarians propose to give the parishes the power to forbid the marriages of couples who do not possess sufficient means to maintain themselves, or who during the previous three years have not paid their quota of taxes.

A Colorado baby obituary: "The wise little bit of humanity came into existence, looked about it, saw that the world was bitter and bad, and then toddled back to the gentle arms of the white Christ from whence it came."

Widows outnumber widowers to a remarkable extent in Great Britain, an English statistician finds. In 1881 there were nearly 1,000,000 widows, of whom 57,000 were under 25 years old. In Ireland and Scotland there were three widows for every one widower.

The tending of flowers has ever appeared to us a fitting care for the young and beautiful; they then dwell, as it were, among their own emblems, and many a voice of wisdom breathes on their ear from those brief blossoms, to which they apportion the dew and the sunbeam.

If a woman lives for the commendation of men of fashion, she will, if pretty or piquant, have a reign of ten years. But if she remembers that she has charms of mind, and character, and taste, as well as charms of figure and complexion, the men of sense will admire her for half a century.

Masked hugging parties are popular at church fairs in Missouri. By paying fifteen cents a man is allowed to hug a girl, but he is first blindfolded. It makes a man awful mad, however, to find, on removing the bandage from his eyes, that he had been hugging his own wife. Still there's a novelty about it.

"I wish to look at some mourning goods," said a lady, as she entered a dry goods store. "Yes, madam," replied the clerk, "this way, please." After looking through the entire stock, she remarked that she would come in again in the course of a day or two. "May I ask," said the clerk, in a sympathetic tone of voice, "if the death occurred in your immediate family." "There has been no death yet," she replied sadly, "but my husband is very low."

News Notes.

A cubit is two feet.

A pace is three feet.

A fathom is six feet.

Pittsburg has banished hand-organs.

There are 7,000,000 farmers in the United States.

California produces figs eight inches in circumference.

There are 2,750 languages or dialects spoken on this globe.

Chickens are a slow sale in Feliciana, La., even at $1.50 a dozen.

Thirty-six men and nine women committed suicide for love, in 1883.

The heart of a Greenland whale is said to measure three feet in diameter.

Paris has 25,000 beer shops, in which the sum of $120,000 is expended daily.

A house built entirely of petrified logs is among the curiosities of Southern Nevada.

It is estimated that 1,400,000 men are employed in operating the railroads of this country.

The following words if spelled forward or backward are the same: "Name no one man."

The Imperial Canal of China is the longest in the world. It is 2,100 miles long, and connects 41 cities.

Six hundred million tons of white paper are required annually to supply the newspapers of the world.

Birch, until lately considered of little value, is beginning to be sought for to make floors for skating rinks.

The entire population of the State of Massachusetts could find seats in the passenger cars of the United States.

A former resident of Georgia, his daughter and two of his sons, it is said, all died on the 4th of August, in different years.

The heat was so intense at Eagle Bridge, N. Y., last Sunday that apples lying in a field in the sun were thoroughly baked.

A "professor" advertises in a Newark paper that he will "instruct persons how to swim without going into the water."

If all the locomotives in the United States were placed in line they would make a train more than 200 miles long, worth $20,000,000.

Bandera, Texas, according to the blare of the local "Bugle," "keeps her jail in splendid condition, but neglects her school-house."

The gallows, it is said, have caused more deaths this year than during any corresponding period in the history of the United States.

A tramp was arrested in Nashville, Tenn., lying in an alleyway. Concealed in his ragged clothes was over $1000 in large notes and gold pieces.

Of clergymen in the United States, according to the figures of the last census, there are 64,000—about 500 more than there are lawyers.

When a Brazilian gentleman introduces a friend, he always adds, after the formula of introduction: "If he steals anything, I am responsible for it."

A Newburgh, N. Y., man has two hundred different kinds of apples grafted upon one tree. One hundred and thirty-seven of them were in bearing last year.

New Haven, Conn., does not allow the crying of Sunday newspapers on the streets, and several newsboys have lately been arrested for violating the ordinance.

At a Saratoga hotel this summer, there was a Cuban lady who had a negro lad, whose exclusive duty it was to keep flies from alighting on her while she was eating.

In Norwich, Conn., at least, the current year has resembled the famous "year without a summer" (1816), in that there has been frost in that place every month this year.

The splitting of a tree near Redding, Shasta county, Cal., by lightning, recently, disclosed in the hollow trunk a skeleton. Three bullet holes were found in the skull.

Chicago has one doctor to every 548 inhabitants; St. Louis, one to every 475; Denver, one to every 220; Idaho, one to every 81, and Wyoming Territory, one to every 80.

The prospectus of an electric sweat-band for men's hats, declares that "it stimulates the imagination, strengthens the memory, and greatly augments the working power of the brain."

During a heavy rain-storm at Canton, O., a few days ago, a two-and-a-half-pound snapping turtle fell from the clouds with such force that its shell was cracked. It rebounded like a ball, and is still alive.

A California farmer killed a squirrel from whose mouth he took 301 kernels of fine and large wheat, their actual weight being two drachms less than two ounces. Eight such mouthfuls are about equal to a pound.

Three bull dogs were set upon a wild cat a few days ago by some West Virginia men, the cat being chained to prevent its escape. It was the dogs, however, that did not escape, as they all succumbed to the cat's prowess.

One thousand women belong to the Kappa Kappa Gamma secret society, which has chapters in a score of institutions in the West and Northwest called colleges. There is no similar organization of women in the world.

An association composed of colored people has been formed in Sherman, Texas under the title of "The Unknown." Its object is the reclamation of those colored citizens, male and female, who are leading evil lives.

Pittsburg policemen must keep continually on the move, sitting and lounging while on duty being strictly prohibited under a reprimand and five days' suspension for the first offence, and dismissal from the force for the second.

It Was To Be.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"I'M sick of the whole thing!" said Luella Dare, "and I won't go on with it, so there now!"

She looked the embodiment of lovely audacity as she stood there, with her beautiful dark eyes glittering, a carnation spot on either cheek, and a spray of roses in her hand, which she was restlessly plucking as she spoke.

"Luella," said old Mr. Dare, a gentleman with a head like snow, and a heart fully as cold, "don't be a fool!"

"I have been," said Luella, "but I don't mean to be any longer."

"The man is rich," said Mr. Dare, "and you've got to make your fortune by your face."

"I don't intend to sell myself like a Circassian, for all that," retorted Luella.

"Who wants you to sell yourself? Be sensible; look at the common sense of the thing!

"Sextus Ford is so rich he don't know what to do with his money. He wants a wife.

"His character will bear the strictest investigation, and he's as handsome as Apollo—at least, so my friend Gleason tells me. He writes me that he is coming in search of a wife.

"I write back that my niece—who lives with me—is a handsome girl—and so you are, my dear, so you are, especially when you don't wrinkle your brows and pout your lips like that.

"I invite him to make my house his home. Now be sensible, Luella, and consider how much more agreeable to become this rich man's wife, than to spend your days in governessing, and that sort of thing."

But still Luella's handsome brows lowered, and the crimson rose-leaves rained down upon the carpet.

"I would rather buy a hook and bag, and earn my living by picking rags about the street," said she, "than to be put on exhibition like this. It's so humiliating, uncle."

"Pshaw!" snarled old Dare, as he turned on his heel, "no more of this. Ford will be here to-night. See that all things are in readiness to receive him as is fitting."

Sextus Ford arrived in the evening.

He was a tall handsome man, with wavy auburn locks, a bright complexion, like a girl's and a pair of brilliant gray eyes that seemed to look one through and through.

"Glad to see you, Ford, glad to see you," said Dare. "Come in. Mary," to a trim maid, "go call Miss Luella at once."

Mary sped upstairs eager to communicate to her young mistress the startling tidings that "the handsomest young man as ever was, was downstairs a-askin' for her."

But presently she returned with a scared face.

"What is the matter?" roared Dare, who was of a rather irascible temperament. "Why don't you call Miss Luella?"

"Please, sir," gasped Mary, "Miss Luella is gone, and all her things is gone!"

It was too true.

A note reached Mr. Dare by that night's post, and he read as follows—

"DEAR UNCLE,—I would rather support myself than be bargained off like a bale of goods. I am young and strong, and have no doubt of being able to earn a decent living somewhere or somehow.

"Yours respectfully,

"L. D."

"She's a fool!" shouted the general.

"She's a young lady of taste and judgment," said Ford, when the circumstances had been detailed to him.

"Let her starve, if she prefers it," said Dare, setting his teeth together like famished hyena. "I wash my hands of her from this time henceforward."

And Sextus Ford, after a brief visit to the house of Mr. Dare, joined a party of friends who were going to distant parts.

Our hero one drizzly night got separated from the rest of his party: by one of those accidents which so often befall a sportsman who is not thoroughly acquainted with the localities, and he found himself utterly alone.

Under these circumstances it may easily be imagined that the light in Farmer Derrick's window shone fairer than any star, when at last Sextus Ford caught sight of it.

"Can I get shelter here for the night?" he asked. "I have lost my way, and am completely tired out."

"Sartin, sartin," said Farmer Derrick. "We don't keep a hotel, but chance strangers are always welcome. Lell, put on the kettle. Wife, fetch out some o' them cakes. Sit down, sit down, sir, and be sociable."

Mrs. Derrick was a fat little woman in spectacles and a checked gingham dress.

Lell was a tall handsome young woman, with great dark eyes, hair like a coronal of jet, and hands shaped like those of a marble statue.

"Your daughter?" said Ford as rested and refreshed, he warmed his chill limbs before the fire, which was not unacceptable.

"No," said Derrick. "Never had no children. It's the gal as helps the old woman about the housework. Came up here to get a situation as governess to Squire Sultan's children. Didn't suit the squire's lady—likely because she was too pretty. Heard as how my old woman was sick and needed help. Come here. Give satisfaction. Stayed here ever since. Smart gal. Didn't know much about work at first, but learned wonderful easy, ain't nowadays afraid of a day's washing."

"Is fishing and shooting good hereabouts?" said Ford, indifferently.

"Couldn't be better."

"Then, perhaps, you would allow me to remain for a few days and try my luck?"

"As welcome as flowers in May," was the reply.

So Sextus Ford stayed, shooting, fishing, and busying himself generally, and losing his heart at odd spells to Lell's dark eyes.

* * * * *

"Nonsense," said Lell.

"It's true," said Sextus.

"I'm only a servant," hesitated she.

"You are as true and royal a lady as ever wore the purple."

"Do you really want to marry me?"

"It's not a mere question of wanting, Lell it's a settled intention on my part. When I go back home, I mean to take you with me as my wife."

"But you don't know all about me," said Lell, hanging down her head with a strange sweet humility that was quite a new phase of her character in Sextus Ford's eyes. "I—I have run away from home. Oh, Mr. Ford, I ran away from you."

"From me."

"I am Mr. Dare's niece, Luella; I could not bear the idea of being put on inspection for any man, so I ran away. They call me Lell here, but my name is Luella Dare."

"So you ran away, did you!" said Sextus Ford, his bright eyes dancing with mirth, yet obscured by a strange mistiness. "But no one yet has run away from Miss Lu. You see my own darling, I have followed you even here."

* * * * * * *

"Bringing a wife home, is he?" snarled old Dare, with a hyena-gleam of the teeth that his dependents know so well. "I don't care to see him; might have taken my Luella, if she had only behaved herself. Tell 'em I'm engaged."

"But, sir," said Mary, all in a hysteric giggle, "they won't go away unless you see 'em."

"Won't, eh?"

And Dare strode into the room.

"Hallo!" shouts he, "Luella?"

"Yes uncle," smiles the bride.

"And Sextus Ford?"

"Yes, uncle," answered the groom.

And then Mr. Ford related how Cupid had triumphed over even Luella Dare's obstinate wish.

The old man's iron features relaxed.

"Served you right, miss," said he.

"I think so too, sir," said Mr. Ford. "It was to be."

RULES FOR GOING DOWN HILL.—Don't take small jobs; wait for big ones.

Don't take pains to do anything well.

Don't strike out for yourself; live on your father.

Don't overload your brain with too much knowledge.

Don't let your hands get brown; keep them smooth and white.

Don't marry for love; marry for money and spend it generously.

Don't take the trouble to form an opinion of things; not on other peoples' opinions.

Don't mind your business, if you have any; let other people mind it for you.

Don't pay cash for anything; have it charged and the cash will come handy for something else.

Don't fail to have everything your next door neighbor has whether you can afford it or not.

Don't begin life modestly as your father did; start in style.

Don't look for high positions in life; a lager-beer keg on a shady corner is a comfortable seat.

Don't keep accounts, the world owes you a living any way; so spend what you like and if things get "crooked" go to Europe.

THE KRAKEN.—Imagination has sounded the mysterious depths of the ocean and brought up the terrible kraken or kraxen. There are thousands of Norwegian fishermen, it is said, to whom this monster is no fable. They can tell its presence by the water rising when it rises to the surface in warm weather. Bishop Pontippidan's kraken measured a mile and a half across its back, and its arms were as long as the mast of a man-of-war. Though the fear it has inspired has exaggerated its size, there is good reason to believe that the kraken, which is doubtless the great cuttle-fish, grows to an enormous size. In 1873 a cuttle-fish which was washed ashore on the coast of Newfoundland whose arms were estimated to measure nineteen feet in length. In other parts of the world specimens nearly as large have been seen.

VICTOR HUGO, though an old man, still gets up at 5:30, writes for several hours every morning, standing at a high desk.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

AN AUTUMN NIGHT.

Upon a cool and bracing Autumn night
He sat entranced, and eyed her fairy form;
He swore she was his life's, his heart's delight,
And pledged to be in dismal gloom and storm
Like beacon light to sailor's searching eye—
Her pathway lighten on the untried road,
Her spirit lighten if she fret or sigh,
Make light her care and life's uncertain load.

'Twas getting late, and, clinging to her still,
"Your will," he said, "I'm lightning to obey."
But as he spoke a hasty voice and shrill
He heard. He knew it to his sad dismay;
Her father spake, while giving him a jolt:
"Sir, if you're lightning, you had better bolt."

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Men of the hour—Day laborers.

The inner man—A convict in jail.

A country seat—The milking stool.

Well watched—A jeweler's window.

A table of contents—The dinner-table.

Held for a further hearing—The ear-trumpet.

Favorite winter-resorts—Heated apartments.

Can the sighs of a lover indicate the size of his affection.

A secluded spot—The ace of trumps up your right sleeve.

"This is a suggestion of spring," said the rat as the trap closed on him.

We can discover no traces of a harness shop ever having been called a bridal chamber.

Sidney Smith once described a man as so dry that if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet sawdust would come out.

"Do cats reason?" asked a Rhode Island preacher. It he had ever slept in a house where cats could get under the floor he would have heard them reasoning.

Be careful about what you say to a barber. "Cut it short, old man," said a customer to one who was spinning a long yarn to his ear while cutting his hair. The result was a shaved head and much profanity.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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HOMEOPATHIC

12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
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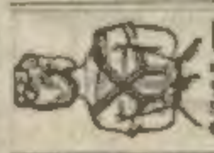

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

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After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensation when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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Among fascinating books for young folks by authors of reputation, D. Lothrop & Co. announce as nearly ready a large list, among which are "Æsop's Fables, Versified," by Clara Doty Bates; "Plucky Boys," by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman, and "Anna Maria's Housekeeping," by Mrs. S. D. Power. Some notable training schools for neglected or unfortunate children, are interestingly and profitably treated with illustrations in the graphic volume issued by D. Lothrop & Co., "How to Learn and Earn."

"The Adventures of a Widow," by Edgar Fawcet. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co. Mr. Fawcet has made a very interesting character of his heroine in this novel of society life, and writes as if he were well acquainted in the circles in which the people whom he presents move. It is not as satisfactory as some of the author's previous works, but it will be found interesting to the ordinary novel reader, from the fact that it is a connected story and its characters are finely drawn, while the dialogue is easy and life-like. It is located in the metropolis, and its frequent life-like introduction of persons and places yet existing in reality or in the memories of older New York give it an additional charm. Altogether while it will not take the highest rank among its kind, it will more than please the many readers who can only stand fiction when thickly shadowed by the possibility or probability of truth. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price $1.50.

"The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful," by Chilion and Mary A. Allen. An Allegory. This is a book which is almost wonderful as the subject of which it treats. The motive of the book is to teach that the most beautiful, and, at the same time, the most wonderful thing in nature is man; and no one can read these chapters without feeling that the authors have accomplished their task. It is an allegory in which the body is the "House Beautiful," and its inhabitant the "Man Wonderful." The building of the house is shown from foundation to roof, and then we are taken through the different rooms, and their wonders and beauties displayed to us, and all this time we are being taught—almost without knowing it—Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, with practical applications and suggestions. We are then introduced to the inhabitant of the house, "The Man Wonderful," and learn of his growth, development, and habits. We also become acquainted with the guests whom he entertains, and find that some of them are doubtful acquaintances, some bad and some decidedly wicked while others are very good, company. Under this form we learn of food, drink, and the effects of narcotics and stimulants. Fowler, Wells & Co., Publishers, New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price $1.50.

MAGAZINES.

Among the stories in the attractive September number of *St. Nicholas* are one of Frank R. Stockton's inimitable fanciful tales, entitled The Queen's Museum, with four characteristic illustrations; the first half of The Dalzells of Dalsydown, a fresh and breezy study of boy and girl life, by E. Vinton Blake; and Benny's Horse, an amusing story by Mary Catharine Lee. Then there are instalments of the three serials, by Louisa M. Alcott, E. S. Brooks and Maurice Thompson. The natural history papers of the number comprise The Bird Mactnee; Swordsmen of the Deep; and A Story of a Tree Frog, all as interesting as fiction. There is an abundance of verse, the most notable contributions being The Little Quaker Sinner, by Lucy Lincoln Montgomery; The Playmate Hours, by Mary Thacher Higginson, and the very original Floral Letter, which will puzzle, amuse and interest both old and young. Charles Barnard contributes a comprehensive account of the New York Kitchen Garden, in the form of a story, and George B. Bartlett describes a new amusement. The departments are good and the illustrations numerous. The Century Co., New York.

The title "Babyland" was brought into use by D. Lothrop & Co. for their charming magazine Babyland, the bound volume of which is each year a delight in many thousands of homes. Its great reputation has been won by intrinsic adaptation, by the purity and delicate humor of the text, and the charm of its beautiful and amusing pictures. It has been edited during the eight years of its publication by the editors of *Wide Awake*. Its great and well-earned reputation has induced certain publishers to attempt imitations. It becomes necessary therefore, to warn the public against those inferior books issued under similar titles, and to state that there is but one genuine "Babyland," and this always has the print of D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

NEW MUSIC.

From Russell Bros., Music Publishers, Boston we have received the following vocal selections, all of which are excellent: Just as I Am, 10 cents; Go Where Glory Waits Thee, 25 cents; Campaign Medley, 15 cents; Song of '84, 15 cents; I Heard the Voice, 15 cents; March to Victory, 15 cents; and The Rocks and Hills, song and chorus from the opera of The Widow, 50 cents.

NEW YORK CITY has a Jewish population of about sixty thousand.

Malarial disorders as often attack the people of large cities as of the country. Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted a safe and certain specific.

THE BEST

Hair restorative in the world is HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. It cures all diseases of the scalp, and stimulates the hair glands to healthful action. It stops the falling of the hair; prevents its turning gray; cures baldness, and restores youthful color and freshness of appearance to heads already white with age. The following are a few illustrations of what is done by

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Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER:

☞ MRS. HUNSBERRY, *346 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*, after a severe attack of Erysipelas in the head, found her hair—already gray—falling off so rapidly that she soon became quite bald. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER brought it back as soft, brown and thick as when she was a girl.

☞ MR. KESLING, an old farmer, near *Wayneste, Ind.*, had scarcely any hair left, and what little there was of it had become nearly white. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER stopped its falling out, and gave him a thick, luxuriant head of hair, as brown and fresh as he ever had.

☞ MRS. A. T. WALL, *Greenfield, Cheshire, Eng.*, writes: "I have found the greatest benefit from the use of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. It having restored my hair, which was rapidly falling off, and returned its original color."

☞ DR. EMIL SEIP, *Detroit, Mich.*, certifies that "HALL'S HAIR RENEWER is excellent for hair growing, and gives back the natural color to faded and gray hair."

☞ MRS. S. E. ELLIOTT, *Glenville, W. Va.*, says: "One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER restored my hair to its natural, youthful color."

No injurious substances enter into the composition of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, and it is not a dye. Its vegetable ingredients render it in the highest degree beneficial to the scalp as a preventive of disease. Its effects are natural and lasting, and it does not make the hair dry and brashy, like the so-called restoratives compounded with alcohol.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE
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Is, in four respects, superior to all others.

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2d—The color so produced is permanent, cannot be washed off, and will not soil anything with which it comes in contact.

3d—It is a single preparation, and more convenient of application than any other hair or whisker dye.

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ONE HUNDRED
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The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

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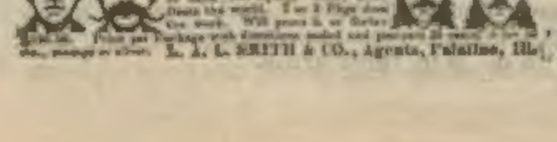
Large Ill. Catalogue free. *Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.*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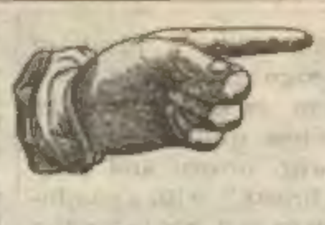
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12X16 INCHES IN SIZE.

FOR 30 CENTS.

We offer the readers of the POST at thirty cents in cash or postage stamps for the pair—costs of packing, mailing etc., included, the two above-mentioned art-works, from the pencil of the famous American artist, Thomas Moran.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" depicts the glory of the Eastern Landscape.
"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" depicts the glory of the West.

☞ THEY ARE NOT CHEAP CHROMOS. ☜

It will be distinctly understood that these unique works of art are not cheap, gaudily colored chromos. They are perfect imitations of the finest oil and water colors. They have no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cheap chromos and colored lithographs now so common; but are really SOLID WORKS OF ART, and cannot fail to so impress every lover of the beautiful, and every one who takes the least interest in HOUSEHOLD DECORATION, for they would ornament any room, and lend grace to any wall, however humble.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" represents a grand effect of misty mountain landscape and is full of brooding storm, and the wild ruggedness of nature.

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" is all sunshine, light, warmth and mellowness, hanging over the mystic stream and is an efficient contrast, yet a perfect companion to the other.

No description could do them full justice. We venture to say that finer specimens of the oleographic art have never been produced, while for cheapness they are unparelleled. The originals from which these pictures have been painted are valued at $25,000. The number of copies is limited and we advise all those wishing a couple of pictures that in every essential respect may be regarded as oil-paintings, to apply at once.

Address, **THE PHILADELPHIA OLEOGRAPH CO.,**
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DR. LUTZE'S
"SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN"

Instantly relieves and speedily cures all delicate and troublesome affections peculiar to ladies. Highly endorsed by physicians who make a specialty of such diseases in "Hospitals for Women," and in large cities. This wonderful gynecian remedy is put up in granules, in a concentrated form. Each bottle represents the medical virtue of a pint of the decoction—and can be kept without loss of virtue a reasonable time. $2.00 by mail. Address Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St. Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ DR. LUTZE, Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, author of various monograms on the Diseases of Women, etc., etc., treats female diseases exclusively, at office or by letter. Advice free. In writing for advice, address DR. LUTZE, care Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OPIUM HABIT!

Sufferers from this pernicious habit will do well to write to DR. MARSH, of Quincy, Mich., who has a world wide reputation for the cures he has made during the past twelve years. The main points to be communicated are the present state of health, length of time used, and present amount of drug used per week. Sanitarium Treatment when desired. Send for testimonials from leading physicians and representative men and women cured.

$1 BREECH LOADER POWELL $10 Loading Shot (Front Action) Steel Barrels, Side Lever Action. **GUNS** **$12 MUZZLE LOADER** Double Breech Gun has Bar Locks, guaranteed good shooter or no sale.
Our $15 Muzzle Loader now only $12.
Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Pistols, Watches, Knives, etc. See it before you buy.
P. Powell & Son, 180 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

A Prize Send 6 cts. for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

EMPLOYMENT AT HOME or to Travel. State which preferred; also amount wanted per month for services and expenses. Business honorable, permanent, and easily operated. Write or. ELGAR & CO., 208 George Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

10 Carte de Visites. Actresses in tights, 25c. 10 cabinets, 25c. Bicoll & Co. 34 Henry Street, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

NOT all tailor-made suits are tailor-made, of course. It is a way of speaking that conveys one's ideas, and that is all.

Where there are ten women whose unexceptionable cheviot and cloth and cashmere costumes have gone through the hands of the male, bona fide tailor in the flesh, been pressed by his goose-irons, and embroidered with his neat, unapproachable arrowheads, and generally have received that professional finish of his that so delights the heart of the young woman possessed of the English mania, there are fifty others who have "tailor-made" suits that have been elaborated by simple feminine fingers in a more or less modest dressmaker's establishment, or have even perhaps been manufactured in the wearer's own sanctum, with the aid of good patterns, a sewing machine and a good deal of taste and tact. For unpretentious as is the tailor style of suit, it does require something more than ordinary skill in making up dresses to turn it out in proper form.

It is an illusory simplicity that exacts a fit as a glove, and a stylish semi-masculine cut, and a general "expression" that proves unexplainable when one comes to try to dissect it, but, nevertheless, constitutes the distinctive characteristic of the whole.

Some tailor suits, and they are the easiest to make at home, are now finished with narrow silk binding on the bodice and overdress, and no stitching.

The foundation silesia or alpaca skirt is bordered with a narrow plaited flounce of cloth or cashmere or camel's hair or bison cloth, as the case may be. The overdress is like a second skirt, longer in the back than in front.

This overdress is bound all around with the galloon binding. It is lifted in the back in a few loops right over the steels or whalebones that are run into the foundation skirt to serve, together with a pad stuffed with hair, as a bustle.

Below these loops the fullness hangs straight to the bottom flouncing, and the overdress is just made barely to clear the top of his flouncing all around.

The bodice is pointed in front, very narrow and curved over the hips, and forms a short, narrow tail behind, square on the end, and slashed open on the centre seam for a few inches. The binding finishes this slashing, and the edge of the entire bodice. The sleeves are long and close, with the simple binding just above the wrist. It is customary to wear white linen cuffs underneath.

The collar is very high and straight, and beneath that the linen dude collar is set with its diamond or Rhine stone stud as a fastening.

Down the front of the waist are the diminutive ball buttons, put so close together that they almost touch. And such is the simplest form of the tailor suit. And when it is well worn—well carried—it is very stylish. And it is an invaluable possession for the woman who must dress economically.

For, whatever others may be wearing about her, if she has that she looks like a lady always in any event. If she completes the costume in the street by a small close bonnet of felt to match, tied with a small velvet bow under the chin, or, if she be quite young, by a dark sailor hat with its bright wing set on one side and its plain band about the crown, she has an exact copy of the style of dress worn by the best women in New York, with whom the habit of dressing most quietly out of doors grows yearly and daily more and more established.

Of the present fashion of cloth jackets, black and colored, and made in tailor fashion, like a riding-habit basque, that are worn with skirts of plaid and mixed checked goods, we have spoken on more than one occasion.

It is a trim and "chic" style for young people that has outlived one or two seasons abroad without losing its popularity.

The French woman's "vest," as she calls her cloth jackets, is made comparatively fantastic at times by means of braidings, buttons and the like.

But the American prefers the staider English reading and confines herself to, at most, three rows of tiny buttons by way of trimming down the front.

For half-mourning a black cloth jacket of this description is stylish with a large plaid or broken checked pattern of black, white and gray. Dark blue is handsome with a skirt in mixtures of lighter and darker blues and grays. This combination is particularly "correct."

Deep maroon cloth, with a plaid of maroon dashed with sage greens and some slender bars of yellow is also correct in effect, though a trifle less quiet. Finally, there is seal brown with brown and gray plaid, or "elephant's breath" with a combination of grayish-browns and ecrus for the plaid.

All these are plain, every day autumn styles.

With costumes of this description the colored "parure" is adopted largely by French women. Either the double Fedora puff or mull sprinkled with bright dots, for the sleeves and neck, or the collar (with chemisette) and cuffs (very many) of colored linen bearing small designs of various sorts—whips, spurs, bits and the like, if the wearer does not mind slightly eccentric things.

The collars of these colored sets are fastened with, in addition to the small stud that secures them under the dress band, a large collar button of metal or oxidized silver in imitation of an old coin.

The straight, deep cuffs which lap over slightly at the top have, of course, big buttons to match.

Speaking of old coins, there is now quite a fancy for having one odd, one silvered or gilded, and suspended by a slender chain to a bangle. Some curious Chinese coins that look more like trunk checks than anything else are treated in this way and produce rather novel effects.

Foreign coins—Russian kopecks, for instance—are also sometimes gilded and fastened together by slender gold chains, to form chatelaines for watches.

Such things are not expensive, and they are voted "swell." The swell watch of all just for the moment is that with the circular crystal case that allows all the works within to be visible to the eye.

Hanging from the chatelaine like a ball of ice it scores quite a success. The proper accompaniment seems to be the large crystal cologne bottle, the "coaching pungent," as it is christened, which the society woman is now never without, with regard to the gold or silver tops of which, and the accompanying monogram, engraving, etc., she is extremely fastidious.

The newest form for initials on jewelry "coaching pungents," leather articles and the like is to have the initial of the surname set both before and after the initial of the Christian name.

This repetition is also effected in monograms for letter paper, here for the purpose of symmetry.

Some few young women, who object to having "things that every one has," are beginning to express themselves in favor of handsome colored stones, sapphires chiefly, in lieu of the conventional diamond for engagement rings.

Earrings are dropping out of fashion more and more.

Women whose ears have not been pierced take good care not to have it done. There is a veto against the custom, which is pronounced "but a relict of barbarism" in "society." It is a fashion to be without earrings, just as it might be a fashion to wear them.

And for once fashion and common sense go hand in hand. Not but many are the women who still go about with a footlight on each ear on all occasions through these States of ours, and who will continue to do so for long, too.

Three very lovely toilets were made special note of during the past week at a watering-place.

The one was of the softest gray Sicilienne and heavy white embroidery on "etamine."

The dress was short, the front breadth covered with a flat piece of embroidery, the narrowest ruffling of Sicilienne showing at the foot. The back was of the silk, all gathered up into a "pouf" over a large bustle and falling below that in straight heavy plaits to the hem of the skirt.

The bodice of Sicilienne was pointed in front, with a square neck and embroidery surrounding it, and running up into a high collar behind and then forming a flat plastron that narrowed into the peak. Against this plastron were set three small bows of narrow, canary-colored velvet. In the back the bodice had two ear-shaped tabs, that fell over the "pouf," and between them a great bow of the yellow velvet.

Fireside Chat.

ARTISTIC BAGATELLES.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

THE trimming is composed of a spray of artificial flowers; honeysuckle is charming with soft shades of pink and blue, and the sachet is finally edged with lace.

They may be varied by combining silk and satin squares; for a white sachet half the squares may be of satin, the rest of terry.

Large work bags made after the same shape as the old-fashioned knitted silk purses, with rings to draw up, and tassels to finish off the ends, can be most elaborately ornamented in sundry styles.

When the material employed is satin, it may be worked to look like a mass of embroidery; the introduction of gold thread greatly enhances the effect of patterns wrought out in silks of divers colors.

The bags should, as far as possible, harmonise with the room in which they are principally to be used.

All glaring colors should be avoided; the aim of the worker should be, not to make them showy for the sake of calling attention to them, but to make them accord with their surroundings, that they may add to the general effect.

A quicker and simpler mode of manufacturing these bags is to make use of plush, as this requires, and, indeed, will bear, but little ornamentation.

The owner's monogram is all that is wanted, and if it is large and of a good contrasting shade of color, the bag will look extremely handsome.

Some persons like to find a use for everything, even their Christmas cards. We believe that such beautiful little etchings might be charmingly framed in this way.

Arrange the etchings in two rows with spaces of about two inches between each. Place the three heavier ones below the others, not putting those together which are much alike if there is a contrasting one with which you can divide them.

Get a sheet of strong millboard, and on it place the etchings in the positions on which you have already decided, leaving the spaces mentioned between each.

Beyond the etchings leave a border, about two inches wide, of millboard, fasten them on with paste or strong starch, and set them on one side to get thoroughly dry.

Now take a sheet of cardboard, and cut it to the size of the millboard, then cut six holes in it the size of the etchings, or larger, so as to leave room for some of the white margin of the etchings to be visible if preferred.

Cover the cardboard neatly with one entire piece of ruby-colored plush, turn over the edges and paste or glue them on to the back of the cardboard.

Let it get dry and firm. Afterwards cut out holes a little smaller than those in the cardboard, make a tiny slit at each of the corners, and turn back the plush that raw edges may not be left showing in front; paste these turnings on to the back of the cardboard, and let all dry.

Now you have a mount of plush entire, with six holes in it for the etchings to show through.

Place it on the sheet of millboard in exact position, and with strong paste or glue fasten the two together.

Be very careful not to finger the plush more than you can possibly help, for every mark shows if the pile is crushed.

The frame should be of plain, unpolished black wood.

HEART AFFECTIONS.—There is not a pin's point surface of the external portion of the body which does not give instantaneous warning of the slightest invasion from without; it is our guard against external dangers. But the more important internal organs are so well protected by the casings which surround them, that they do not require such sensitiveness; hence it is not thrown away upon them. For example: It is generally supposed that if the heart is touched, we should instantly die. So far from this being true, bayonets and bullets have been driven into the heart of men and animals without causing death. The bullet which caused the death of Wm. Poole was found imbedded in the solid substance of the heart, and yet he lived eleven days after he was shot.

The great Harvey brought Charles II. to a British nobleman who had an opening in his breast, through which the heart could be seen and felt. The king touched it with his finger, but the nobleman was not aware of it, unless when he saw the fingers in the cavity. And yet, this same heart responds to every emotion of joy, or grief, or passion, or alarm.

Persons often trouble themselves uselessly, about having disease of the heart or lungs, because they have a pain thereabouts.

These are good signs generally, showing that the pains are external to those organs, for there can be no pain where there are no nerves.

The fact is, the most certainly fatal affections of these organs give no note of warning by pain until within the last brief hours of life.

The very substance of the lungs and heart are often eaten through, eaten away, without a remote suspicion on the part of the patient that such was the case.

The celebrated orator, John Newland Maffit, died of a literally broken heart—not an emotional breaking, but a structural rupture; it had slowly decayed, rotted away, until so near through, that its functions could not be performed, when pains came on, and he died in a few hours: on examination it was found that this destruction of parts had been going on for months, most probably.

It was authoritatively stated, at the time of General Jackson's death, that one-third of one side of his lungs had been destroyed.

Two young girls have gone into business as dolls' dressmakers at Holyoke. A sign is hung out which reads: "Dolls' dresses made and sold here," and a good many little girls are seen emerging from the door with dolls in their arms.

Correspondence.

AQUA.—You can prevent a wooden tank from leaking by lining the inside with cement, or concrete, as this will not in any way taint the water. Sheet lead would, of course, be best, but it is more expensive. The cement will not require to be laid on at all thickly, but should be made to fill up all the crevices in the wood.

COUNTRY.—The system known as "the Kindergarten" is one by which children are taught by plays certain movements like drilling and singing. Toys are specially made for the carrying out of the method; and for very young children it is certainly to be recommended. Something of the same kind is adopted in infant-schools.

P. L. B.—If you suffer from a pain in your chest, and your shortness of breath be such that you have to re-fill your lungs oftener during singing than other people in general, we should think that your singing is of doubtful advantage to you. We imagine that you should endeavor to strengthen your general health, and especially attend to the state of your chest and lungs, before you begin any course of vocal practicing.

A. F. S.—Certainly withdraw from the company of the persons you name, unless you can inform the lady that you refuse to be a spy on the movements of her lover. Anyone who feels jealousy acts dishonorably, and we should advise you to refuse to say anything, either favorable or unfavorable, respecting your friend to the lady named by you. A "go-between" cannot respect himself, and does not deserve the respect of anyone else.

POST.—"To cap St. Catherine, is an expression of frequently used by the Norman French and by their descendants the Canadians, to signify remaining an old maid, it being supposed saint would have none but virgins perform that office for her. The expression you quote may be translated literally: 'She had already stuck a few pins in St. Catherine's cap,'" and would therefore mean that the young lady was on the confines of that very indefinite period when she would be received in the ranks of the forlorn without hope.

REUBEN.—The manner in which a gentleman should congratulate a lady on her marriage, and the language he should use, depend so much on the terms and degree of intimacy subsisting between the parties, upon their relative positions, upon the lady's condition in life, and upon so many other things which cannot even be enumerated, that it is impossible to lay down any set rules upon the subject. If your congratulation is sincere, and expressed in direct and simple language, it will be pretty sure to be acceptable, and that is the main point.

ELYRUN.—If the book in which you paste the scraps is not one made for the purpose, you had better cut out every other leaf, so as to provide for the thickness of the scraps. These should only be put on one side (the right hand side), and we prefer them to be touched with gum on the back, but not entirely stuck to the page. If the paper of which the book is composed be thin, you must put it under a heavy weight after the scraps have been pasted in, or it will crease and spoil the effect. So far as arrangement is concerned, this we must leave to your own taste.

FORGETFUL.—One of the best methods of strengthening the memory is to concentrate the attention as much as possible on the matter in hand. Some persons are from mental causes more forgetful than others, but there are few who could not improve their memories if they really tried to so. The association of things tends to help the memory, and after a little practice it will become a habit to think, before doing anything or going anywhere, of all the matters relating thereto. System, also, is a great aid to memory, as it leads both mind and body to regard things in due sequence to one another.

BERT.—At 18 you are not sufficiently matured to know your own mind. Most young fellows are impressible just about that age. By the time you are 24 the lady will be 30, and probably long before then she will have found someone of more suitable age. We cannot say that marriages, where the lady is older than the gentleman, do not turn out happily, for we know many that have proved the contrary to be true, but it was where both were of a more mature age. We should advise you to concur with your parents' wishes now, and then in a few years, if your affection and that of the lady in question are as strong and unchanged, then there will sure to be an opportunity for forming an engagement.

A. W. G.—The Monument of London was built to commemorate the Great Fire of 1660, which burnt so large a portion of the City of London and was designed by Wren. It stands 202 feet from the site of the baker's house in Pudding Lane, where the fire first broke out, and it is exactly the same height, 202 feet, from the pavement. It was originally intended by Wren to have a statue of King Charles II. on the top, but this was overruled, and the pillar of flames which now surmounts it was placed there instead. The top of the fluted column to which visitors are admitted is now completely caged in, the reason being that many persons at one time chose it as a convenient place from which to commit suicide.

LONDON.—Persons who are simply knights without belonging to any order are called in England Knights Bachelors. On the Continent the degree of Knight Bachelor disappeared with the military system which had given rise to it. It is now therefore, peculiar to the United Kingdom, where although very frequently conferred by letters patent it is yet the only dignity which is still even occasionally created—as every dignity was formerly created—by means of a ceremony in which the sovereign and the subject personally take part. Everywhere else, dubbing or the accolade seems to have become obsolete, and no other species of knighthood (if knighthood it can be called) is known except that which is dependent on admission to some particular order.

G. D.—We know of no cure for dreaming would that we did! There can be no doubt that those who seldom or ever dream get more good out of their sleep than those whose brains are busily employed with dreams

"Which Fancy makes,
When Monarch Reason sleeps."

Dreaming is often put down to an over-taxed digestion, or to a troubled mind, as Churchill says:

"Dreams,
Children of night, of indigestion bred."

But this is not invariably true. Many who dream constantly have tried to overcome what is sometimes a very disagreeable matter, by abstaining from suppers, by doing no work taxing the brain for an hour or two before retiring to rest, and by many other ways, but without success.